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THE Cabinet resignations have taken place according to plan, and the pretence of a "National Government" is at an end. Mr. MacDonald, it is true, still appeals for putting country before party, and the Samuelite Liberals have not decided to go into out-and-out opposition, except on the tariff issue. But the Government is, as it has in fact been from the outset, a Tory Government, and with the inclusion of Major Elliot in the Cabinet and of other Conservatives as junior Ministers, it becomes more definitely so. The Simonite Liberals are Tories in everything but name, and the pretence that the Prime Minister and Mr. Thomas represent Labour is a very stale joke. Mr. MacDonald's own position is plainly exposed in Lord Snowden's farewell letter. He is the prisoner and the tool of the Conservatives. He is a convenient and a decorative headpiece to their Government. Comment fails us at the spectacle of Lord Snowden now complaining that his chief and himself have been "used as instruments" to carry through a Tory policy. Has he just found out?

* * *

Up to the time of writing three new appointments have been made. Sir John Gilmour, an amiable, but politically a quite unremarkable personality, is transferred from the Board of Agriculture to the Home Office. Sir Godfrey Collins, a former Liberal Whip, becomes Secretary for Scotland, and Major Walter Elliot Minister for Agriculture. He should do well there, as indeed he would in almost any office, for he is a man of parts, keen and energetic and with youth on his side. As to the eight junior Ministers who have resigned, the only loss which could possibly make the policy of the National Government worse than it is already is that of Lord Lothian. He did stand, we believe, for a decent policy in India, though how much he counted for against his chief, Sir Samuel Hoare, it is not easy to say. Taking the changes as a whole, we should say they are likely to leave the country and the world in the same sorry state in which they have long been. So far as the Government itself is concerned the departure of the Liberals makes little difference. They have counted for almost nothing in the Cabinet. They have only asked for one proof that the Government was National—the postponement of the Ottawa agreements until after the World Economic Conference—and, as they complain in their letter to the Prime Minister, that request was refused.

* * *

The Liberal letter states an excoriating case against Ottawa, a case which must surely arouse everyone who has not a vested interest in tariffs. You do not need to be a "Cobdenite"—are there any left?—to object to this strangling arrangement which Mr. Bennett was only able to extort because the representatives of this country had not the pluck to report the breakdown of the Conference. The agreement to make Britain's fiscal policy the toy of the wishes of the Dominions

for a term of years is as outrageous on economic grounds as it is inexcusable on constitutional ones. The Prime Minister's apparent reason for remaining in a Conservative Government—that he is indispensable for the World Economic Conference—is torn to shreds by the Liberal Ministers' argument that Ottawa goes far to ruin its chances before it meets. But the most important question remains to be settled. Apart from Ottawa, the Liberals state their agreement on certain subjects with the policy of the Government and promise their own constructive policy on others in the future. They say nothing of "Economy." And that is the root question, the real dividing line between British parties in the near future.

* * *

The Conservatives stand for tariffs and economy: for curing a slump by cutting down foreign trade and making the working classes pay for it. The Liberals do not stand for cutting down foreign trade. Do they or do they not support saving on education and on the social services generally? That policy is not now supported on economic grounds by the best economists on their own side. If the Liberal Ministers realise it they have as splendid an economic case against economy as against Ottawa. This week's Labour Conference at Leicester will show whether the Labour Party has yet learned how to make full use of the argument against economy. Their sentimental case is overwhelming, but it has a far firmer theoretical basis than that so far usually stated by Labour leaders.

* * *

Mr. De Valera's speech from the chair at the opening session of the League of Nations Assembly has been the talk of the town. He refused the draft which is usually prepared by the secretariat on these occasions, and delivered a harangue of his own composition. It contained no comfortable words or smooth prophecies. The delegates received it in silent disgust, partly because it contained no comfortable words and smooth prophecies, partly because the old hands resented this cheek from a "new boy" at Geneva. But there was sense and point in the speech, and the average man in every country—and a great many above the average—will heartily endorse its frank criticism of the League's weakness. This weakness, which has been all too plain of late, does not lie in the constitution or the purpose of the League. It lies in the representatives of the member States, the false friends who do the League lip service and misuse it or stultify it. It was a pity that Mr. De Valera associated himself—or seemed to associate himself—with those who attack the League as a costly burden, for the contributions are really a bagatelle in the national budgets, and the charge of extravagance at Geneva is humbug. But his insistence on the general impatience and on the need for the League to justify itself by works was a warning that the statesmen will neglect at their peril—and, what matters more, at other people's peril.

* * *

The agenda of this Assembly is overshadowed by outside events, and above all by anxiety about the Disarmament Conference. It will be another ten days or so before the Bureau of the Conference decides when the General Commission is to be resummoned. But of course it is not the date that matters, but the question whether the Germans will be present. At the moment the prospects are not bright. Germany's demand for equality of status has been pushed to the point of an ultimatum by the Papen Government, and M. Herriot has replied with a speech that has further exasperated and stiffened the Germans. General von Schleicher rejoins with an announcement that his intentions have been misunderstood, that he does not aim at rearming Germany regardless of what other Powers may do. We should be happy to feel sure about that; for, however strong the moral case for equality may be, nobody can view the re-militarisation of Germany as anything but a disaster. The only sane method of achieving equality is by disarmament. But are the rest of us—and is France above all—ready to go far enough in this direction to satisfy the Germans? The answer at this moment appears to be an emphatic "No," and if M. Herriot, in his present role of out-Poincaréing Poincaré, really represents French opinion, then it will be difficult for him or anyone else to prevent the rearming of Germany and the preparations for another devastating war.

* * *

There is universal satisfaction over the agreement which has saved Mr. Gandhi from carrying out his grim project of starving himself to death. Whatever might be thought of his general policy or of his tactics in this case, nobody but a fool could contemplate with equanimity the consequences of his suicide in such circumstances. In the event he has scored a victory for the Untouchables—not over the British Government, who have no motive for depressing these unfortunate millions, but over his own people. The caste Hindus have now been brought not merely to recognise the right of the Untouchables to separate representation (albeit within the general body of Hinduism), but actually to concede them more seats than the Communal Award proposed. This political concession is important in itself; it is even more important as a sign of change in India and a prelude, as we hope it is, to a steady, or perhaps a rapid, reform of a social system which, if it ever was defensible, is surely indefensible in a civilised community to-day. The Communal Award was concerned only with the Provincial Legislatures, and for these the Indian plan has been promptly and cheerfully accepted by the British Government. But the Indian agreement provides also for a percentage of seats for the Untouchables in the Central Legislature, and we hope that Mr. MacDonald will make no bones about accepting that too.

* * *

The German Government has now produced its agricultural programme, about which there seems to be plenty of discussion within the ranks of the Government itself. The main features of the programme seem to be borrowed from the Nazis. Mortgage interest is to be reduced, and there are to be quotas for a wide variety of agricultural products in the interests of the farmers and landowners. The actual figures have not been announced, as they will only be settled as a result of further negotiations with the countries which are likely to be the chief sufferers. It is, therefore, uncertain how far towards agrarian protectionism the German

Government will finally go. But it has gone far enough seriously to alarm the German exporters, and to provoke a speech by the Minister for Economic Affairs which can hardly be understood save as a hostile criticism of the policy of the Government to which he belongs. Dr. Warmbold stressed in his speech Germany's dependence on foreign trade, and the impossibility of Economic Nationalism as a policy for the German people. But despite such warning voices in Germany and elsewhere, the drift towards economic isolation continues unchecked. The Papen Government must placate its agrarian followers. It can do so only at the expense of German exports, and at the cost of provoking retaliatory measures which will make the whole European situation worse. So the tragic farce goes on.

* * *

The dispute in the cotton industry has been settled, and the weavers and the other trades affected have gone back to work. The wage question has been settled by a compromise, the Trade Unions agreeing to a modified reduction. The difficult problem of reinstatement has been successfully overcome. At the same time, machinery for collective bargaining has been re-established, and an attempt made to prevent a recurrence of the chaos of the past few years. The "more looms" problem still remains to be settled, but negotiations about it are to be resumed in a more favourable atmosphere. The threat of a stoppage still hangs over the spinning section of the industry; but the settlement of the weavers' dispute makes a rupture much less likely than it seemed. So far, so good. The conduct of the negotiations has been extremely skilfully conducted by the Ministry of Labour: even the first turgid and platitudinous sermon which roused all Lancashire to wrath had its value in side-tracking the detailed points and persuading the industry to discuss the major problems. But, although the weavers and their employers have patched up their differences, the vital problem of Lancashire still remains unsolved. No one expects the small wage reduction which has been made seriously to affect the competitive position, and nothing has been done to make the industry set its house in order.

* * *

The Rotherham Public Assistance Committee has been at loggerheads with the Ministry of Labour for some time past, and now it has definitely announced its refusal to continue to administer the means test in its area. Some time ago the Minister threatened to supersede the Committee by appointees of his own unless it carried out his instructions. The Committee thereupon made an endeavour to continue within the limits of the Ministry's regulations, but one dispute over their interpretation followed another, and now the final breaking point seems to have been reached. A week or two ago we had to record a very similar deadlock at Durham, and there are many other areas in which the Public Assistance Committees are carrying on only under strong protest against the Ministry's attitude. All over the country the feeling against the administration of the means test is growing fast and the local administrators are held to their posts only by the knowledge that conditions for the unemployed will be worse under Commissioners from Whitehall.

The Government has decided to make a pound for pound grant, up to a sum of £10,000, to the Society of Friends' organisation for providing allotments to the unemployed, and is prepared to grant up to another £2,500 on the basis of £1 grant for each £2 collected from private sources. Last year the sudden withdrawal of the Government grant badly disorganised the Friends' programme, and compelled them to curtail their schemes to a considerable extent. By urgent appeals for help, aided by a levy among the allotment-holders themselves, they managed to carry on. This year, with the help of the small sum provided by the Government, they hope to be able to go through with the full programme planned for a year ago. Of course, it is much better for the Government to promise £10,000, or perhaps £12,500, than nothing at all. But in our view the proposed grant is ludicrously small. No one who knows about the work which the Society of Friends has been doing, especially in South Wales, can doubt its utility. It has been the means of keeping in physical and mental health thousands of men in the depressed areas. This is work which the State ought to be paying for even though the work itself is probably better done by a voluntary agency. It will cost the Society a tremendous effort to raise the money needed in order to earn the State grant, and it would have been better if the State grant had been £5 for each pound privately raised.

* * *

Everyone interested in the making of newspapers, and the choice of the best way to print news—everyone, that is, who reads a newspaper—should welcome the coming change in the appearance of the *Times*. The general character of the change can be put briefly: a complete abandonment of the ideal of decorative ornament, in the belief that the most suitable, most useful type is always the most decorative. In two articles, whose authorship was clear to everyone interested in typography, the *Times* gave fuller details of its coming transformation. On the whole, most newspaper-readers and most students of typography will welcome them. It is a pity, we think, that it was not decided to cut a new coat-of-arms to accompany appropriately the new Roman title: the present coat is a very depraved piece of work, but no worse than the simpering lion and disgusted unicorn, both of obviously vegetable origin, which are to take its place. Why did not the *Times* ask Mr. Eric Gill to give it a coat-of-arms? We had hoped, too, for another change. The present column of the *Times* is too narrow. We can make a shrewd guess at the reasons for a seven-column rather than a six-column page; but they are not æsthetic reasons. Is it too late to make the whole paper conform to the six-column tradition which prevails on the leader page?

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *will include a special supplement dealing with the issues raised by the Lytton Report, the publication of which has been announced for October 1st.*

This supplement will contain an authoritative account, written by one of the foremost experts on the subject, of the main events, as well as the background and the significance, of the Manchurian dispute.

SIMON, THE LAWYER

A VERY experienced judge of men once said that no one who had been a lawyer until after he was forty was likely to be successful in any great executive office. His whole habit of mind, his practised skill in getting up and presenting a case upon which others must take a decision, his adroitness in finding ways round and ways out of documents, naturally prevented him from following a vigorous and straightforward policy. Some such analysis may explain the failure of Sir John Simon at the Foreign Office. A year ago we all knew he was a great lawyer. To-day, on the eve of the publication of the Lytton Report, with the Disarmament Conference at a standstill, with the threatened withdrawal of Germany and possibly Italy from the League, with the beat of war-drums again sounding in Europe, we doubt if even the most ardent supporter of the National Government would regret the transference of Sir John Simon to a more suitable office. The only people to be sorry would be the Japanese war party.

Sir John has been confronted with two great issues, separate and yet inextricably mixed. The success of the Disarmament Conference largely depended on England. To cap the dreary delays of the early part of the Conference, Sir John blew hot and cold on the Hoover proposals, and the spark of hope they had kindled was almost extinguished. When Germany finally made the threat to re-arm, which was the inevitable result of the failure of other Powers to observe their obligations to disarm, Sir John's notion of a statesmanlike reply was a cold and formal argument that Germany was not under the Covenant legally entitled to re-arm. True, but who thinks that the law can bind Germany if the spirit has changed ? It is useless to tell Germany that we will not permit her re-armament, unless we justify our refusal by an immediate proof of our intention to honour our own obligations.

The second issue is being fought out in the Far East. In writing to Berlin, Sir John Simon found it convenient to insist on the letter of the Covenant: in dealing with Tokio he has made no secret of his intention to abandon it. In Paris he went so far as to say that technically the Chinese were right, but morally Japan was justified. Foreign delegates were told that in this matter to apply the Covenant was to be academic and idealistic, that this was a case in which the coercive side of the League—Sir John deprecated the very existence of sanctions in the Covenant—was irrelevant, and mediatory methods alone applicable. Yet the idea of the Covenant is that mediation under Article 11 is likely to be effective because behind it lurks, under Articles 10, 12 and 16, the obligation to coerce the aggressor. In this case a policy of unlimited mediation degrades mediation to the level of connivance at aggression. And this is exactly what Sir John's attitude was recognised as being when he attempted to stop the League of Nations Union from holding its Albert Hall meeting to protest against Japan's aggression. It became even more obvious when "a very high British official" unbosomed himself to some forty startled and for the most part indignant journalists at a lunch given in Geneva by the Anglo-American Press Club of Paris. This high British official, whose views were all over Geneva in half an hour, reached London, Paris, Nanking, Washington and Tokio the same night, and were quoted in the press of the world the next day, explained that one should be broad-minded and philosophical about current events; the trouble was that the Covenant did not allow sufficiently for normal and natural historical expansion, such as that which had brought us to India and was bringing Japan to Manchuria.

In order exactly to understand Sir John's views let us refer to his speech in the House of Commons on March 22nd, when he weighed the pros and cons of recognising Manchukuo, lingered almost affectionately on the conditions that Manchukuo would have to fulfil to qualify for recognition, decided regretfully that it would as yet be premature, warned us against doing anything that could appear to encourage "what might be a disregard or a violation of Chinese territorial administration." He ended on a note of robust self-satisfaction :

> I am very happy to think that British policy to-day, whatever may be its shortcomings and its imperfections, at any rate is a policy which has kept us on terms of perfectly friendly relations both with China and Japan.

This was after 16,000 Chinese civilians had been slaughtered and £100,000,000 worth of damage done at Shanghai, apart from the conquest of Manchuria. It is much as though a policeman who set out after a burglar should return beaming and say, "Well, I couldn't get the swag back, and I couldn't prevent him bashing in the face of the householder, and he wouldn't promise not to call again, but I am happy to say that at any rate my activities have kept me on perfectly friendly relations both with the burglar and that poor chap they're just taking to hospital."

It will be seen that this policy was not one merely of mediation but of effective support of Japanese aggression. For that policy it is no defence to say that there were risks in annoying Japan. If we had stood four-square with the Americans, and above all supported Mr. Stimson's note of January 9th, the Japanese bluff would have been called. Even if we put matters at their very worst, and argue that we might have been forced by the Covenant to a boycott or embargo on munitions, a withdrawal of ambassadors, and that Japan might have regarded these sanctions as an excuse for running amok in the East and seizing Hong Kong or Singapore, even so the risk would have been far less great than that which Sir John Simon's policy has in fact incurred. The best that could be said for the policy of unlimited mediation at the cost of abandoning the Covenant is that if we could only avoid a break with Japan the Lytton Report might supply the basis for agreement. The fatal flaw in this argument is that the very abjectness which we have shown in avoiding a break with Japan has encouraged her militarists to burn their boats, to recognise Manchukuo, and to challenge the rest of the world to do its worst. If we take Sir John's own test of his policy—that although it failed to stop the war, it kept us on terms of perfect friendship with both belligerents—the result is not more satisfactory. The very speech in which Sir John Simon flattered himself on the affection of both sides was greeted in China by the most bitter protest by the Foreign Minister of the Chinese Government, while the general effect of the League's failure upon Chinese opinion may be gathered from the utterance of Mr. T. V. Soong, the Finance Minister of the Chinese Government and one of the protagonists of the policy of co-operation with the West through the League. Mr. Soong, we fear, only too well voiced the disillusion of China when he said :

> We were told that war between nations was no longer possible and that after the "war to end war," with its ten millions killed and fifty millions wounded, war would be

> unthinkable. We were also told that such international conventions as the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Washington Nine-Power Treaty and the Pact of Paris would fully guarantee weak States against foreign aggression. We pinned our faith on those international engagements and fatuously trusted that wars between nations were banished for ever.
>
> The disillusionment has been complete. Like in a nightmare we learn anew that as yet international agreements are of use only when backed by force. The law of the jungle still rules, and to-day we are paying the price of our military weakness. . . .
>
> Wherefore if China is to survive as a nation she must prove herself capable, she must become adept at slaughter! She must put her national defence above all other considerations, above public education, commerce and industry, democratic rule and civic rights, for survival is the first law of nature.

At Geneva Sir John has represented a rather unusual combination of self-satisfaction and self-advertisement with unwillingness to take any responsibility. He has acted as a lawyer, not as a statesman, and, instead of telling his officials what policy he proposes to pursue, he waits to be briefed. His attitude to the Covenant has been that of a barrister picking holes in a contract out of which his client wishes to wriggle. In disarmament he took his brief from the fighting services and asserted, for instance, that the Hoover proposals must be put on one side because disarmament must be universal and Japan would never accept it. Long views escape him entirely. He only sees the immediate point, ignores its ramifications or connections, and thinks in terms of dodging trouble, commitments and responsibility for the next month or two. It is not too much to say that at every crisis in the Sino-Japanese conflict he has been preoccupied solely with devising some means of avoiding the necessity of taking action in that particular situation.

In so far as he has had a policy at all, it has been an attempt to apply pre-war methods to a post-revolutionary China, whereas both China and the world have changed since 1914. Before the war there was no international peace machinery or peace obligation, and so no possibility of devising a technique of pacific, but firm, international, diplomatic and financial pressure. The only alternative was mediation or war, and it is in these terms that Sir John has consistently envisaged the present conflict. Before the war China was the sick man of the Far East; a weak, disordered and semi-colonial State, a suitable field for spheres of interest and competitive concession grabbing according to the standards that then prevailed. Before the war if Japan had run amok we should have tried to keep her aggression within limits favourable to our trade and investments and sought compensation elsewhere. That is in fact what we have attempted to-day. The Foreign Office communiqué of January 11th about the Japanese promise to respect our trade interests, the arrangement by which Japan is paying the interest due to the bond-holders of the Peking-Mukden Railway, the attempt to extort concessions from the Chinese over the Shanghai Settlements and extra-territoriality—they are all typical examples.

But in the pre-war world mediation was frankly egotistical and non-moral and backed by the threat of war in the interests of the trade investments and prestige of the Power concerned. To-day mediation is handicapped by having to be ostensibly based on the Covenant and is compelled to reckon with a nationalist China no longer amenable to colonial treatment.

When we look back on these ten months, the conclusion that Sir John Simon has been a national and international disaster is inescapable. Without experience of foreign affairs, he seems not even to have attempted to understand the realities of the post-war world. He has brought purely legal talents to bear on a situation which demanded the highest gifts of statesmanship. Perhaps that is not his fault! A man cannot act beyond his capacities. But we can insist that Great Britain should adopt a less miserable policy at Geneva. Is it really wise to side with Japan when the cost is breaking up the League, ending the hope of disarmament, quarrelling with the United States, and setting on foot the preparations for the next war?

THE MILK MUDDLE

ALTHOUGH a Commission is now sitting on the milk trade, and the usual autumnal struggle between farmers and distributors nearly led to a dislocation of services, there appears little likelihood that the dairying industry is going to get the overhauling which it really needs. England is a natural dairy country, and there are comparatively few counties in which the industry cannot be carried on under favourable conditions. We are not, however, a milk-drinking country. Our consumption per head, about a third of a pint daily, is far lower than that of most civilised nations. Fresh milk is usually considered an expensive and wasteful food, often of doubtful purity. This is a most unsatisfactory position, and there would be few more valuable national assets to-day than a prosperous dairying industry enjoying general confidence. The rare attempts already made to reform the industry have had little success. Most people blame the farmers for being old-fashioned and the distributors for being rapacious. Farmers and distributors are themselves continually at loggerheads. The medical profession adds to the general confusion by destructive criticism and by refusing to co-operate except on terms which are economically impossible. Nearly everyone considers the questions entirely from the consumer's standpoint. It is better and more logical to start with the cow.

There are plenty of good dairy cows in the country, and they produce about twelve hundred million gallons of milk a year. A slight increase in the farmer's price for milk would lead to a higher yield per cow, and a greater number of cows per acre. These are determined by the cost of "concentrates" compared with that of milk. At present only about six hundred million gallons are drunk as fresh milk. Half of the remainder is "surplus" to the "liquid" milk business, and is ultimately turned into some milk product. The remaining three hundred million gallons were never intended for the dairy business, but are either consumed on the farm or turned into cheese, or sold to a chocolate or dried-milk factory. The cost of production depends on climate and the natural value of the local pastures. There are many acres where it would never pay to compete on equal terms against Siberian or Canadian products, such as cheese or butter. It remains a small-scale industry, a very large proportion of our dairy farming being with herds of under fifty cows. Probably two-thirds of our milk is produced on tenant farms, where the farmer has little opportunity of altering the buildings or the general lay-out of his land. Much of the milking is done in buildings which are too dark, and are unsuitable for real cleanliness. We have, however, a number of first-class herds, and many farms where it would be possible to increase the daily milk production within a few months if it was known that there would be a steady market for clean milk over the next few years. At present everyone is cautious. The industry never knows what is to be the price for more than a year ahead. The individual farmer has no certainty that his contract will be renewed.

The first step towards placing the industry on a stable footing is to force off the "liquid" milk market one or two hundred million gallons yearly. The easiest method would be to grant production certificates for this kind of milk. We

ought, as in America, to enforce a minimum standard of cleanliness for liquid milk, but we might well relax the conditions under which other milk is produced, for there is no point in examining a cheese-making dairy farm in England when there is no corresponding examination in other countries which send their cheese here. Gradually we should eliminate from the liquid milk business those small farmers who have not the necessary capital, and some of the larger farmers who are inefficient. It may be said that this would cause hardship, but a small tariff on milk products, such as butter and cheese, would amply compensate the men who cannot or will not produce high-quality milk. Once the latter are out of the way there would be little difficulty in gradually raising the standard of those who have certificates, and it should be possible to eliminate tuberculosis from their herds in a few years. Cows suffering from this are chiefly found on poor farms where there is not enough capital to keep the herd young, and to feed well in winter.

Experience should have shown our legislators that it is far better to work up from a minimum standard for liquid milk than to worry about subsidising special standards of certified milk. America, by adopting the former plan, has now a milk consumption per head about three times as large as our own, and a supply which is generally reckoned healthy, although many States are not suited for dairying. In England the special grades form a tiny percentage of the total milk consumption, and they are bought almost entirely by the middle classes in a few urban areas. The bulk of our milk is handled by a few large distributors, who sell a standard article, pasteurised and fairly clean, with the worst faults of the smaller producers minimised by the mixing and the treatment it receives. Milk in London is far better than a few years ago, but there is still room for improvement at the farm end.

Next comes the question of price and popularity. Here the farmer has little real responsibility, for very few are so situated that they can do their own retailing. The general opinion is that distributors make too large profits, and that there is wasteful competition between them. Certainly the cost of distribution is far higher in England than on the Continent, and the profits of the large distributing firms have been considerable ever since 1920, but their critics are inclined to miss the real difficulty. The big trusts handle so much milk that the dividends are a small item in the retail price, and although the common sight of several competing milk roundsmen in one street has long been a favourite theme for Socialists, the actual distance covered by a roundsman makes little difference to the time he takes. The chief waste, compared with Continental conditions, is in the delivery of very small and irregular quantities of milk to every house and flat, often twice a day. This leads to the keeping of innumerable small and complicated accounts, and the handling and cleaning of many small bottles. There is also much too much touting for orders. With their present staff the larger firms could distribute three times the quantity of milk per family with hardly any increase in their expenses. Municipal enterprise, by giving one body a monopoly of distribution, may help in certain areas, but it does not solve the main difficulty of wasteful distribution except in so far as a municipality may be able to stand up to the excessive demands of its customers. In many parts of England a municipality covers too small an area, because of our large floating population, which spends some days in London, but the week-ends elsewhere.

It would probably be best to accept the wholesale milk distributor, operating over very large areas, as being essential, but this is work which might well be entrusted to a semi-public body. When it comes to retailing there is a great field for municipal enterprise, and the smaller distributors should at any rate be driven out of the larger towns, for they cannot keep up the proper plant for ensuring a standard and chemically tested product. Little, however, can be done until we have got out of the present vicious circle of low and irregular consumption per family, causing expensive distribution and a high price. The best method for popularising milk as a beverage is to get children into the habit of drinking it. Already experiments have been carried out in several areas, and in some cases "milk clubs" have been formed, and in others there has been a free distribution. In all cases the improvement in the condition of the children has been very striking. Several county councils were considering whether it would not be sound economy to give their children "elevenses," with its proved effect upon their physique, and the great improvement in their ability to profit by their lessons. Unfortunately the present "economy" stunt has given this work a temporary set-back, but it is only on these lines that we shall become a milk-drinking country like Sweden. The problem needs to be tackled from many sides, but the main objective is to break the vicious circle of public distrust, low consumption, high cost of distribution, and lack of confidence amongst producers. If this is done there is no reason, either in our soil or climate, why we should not become the model dairy country of the world.

A LONDON DIARY

I AM not surprised that the Liberal Ministers should have found Ottawa too big a mouthful. Ottawa makes my blood boil—not my free trade blood, which is somewhat thin, but my patriotic blood, which revolts at the prospect of making our future fiscal policy dependent on the inclinations of the Dominions. I am told by people who have seen the Ottawa schedules that they are very difficult to read but full of complex provisions by which this country gives away one thing after another and receives nothing, absolutely nothing, in return. Leaving aside the big things like the meat and wheat restrictions, there are comparatively small affairs like the growing cider industry in the West of England. It is to be struck a very serious blow because we are in future, I gather, not to import sour apples from France (a necessary ingredient in good cider), but to take Canadian apples instead, which, they tell me, are no use for cider at all. I think Sir Herbert Samuel will have a great time at the Ottawa debates, and perhaps he will lead a movement for Dominion rights for Great Britain—fiscal freedom is always among the first Dominion rights.

* * *

The *Times* has been making heroic efforts to keep the National Government together. In contrast, I quote some extracts from the *Times* leader (December 20, 1930) when the proposition of a National Government was discussed in its columns nine months before its actual formation :

> "Governments, however, are organic bodies and cannot be assembled like the pieces of a puzzle. What forms and vitalises a Government is, curiously enough, what maintains the despised and inconvenient party. It is agreement on a policy. For the present it is true that the party system is largely impotent for its historic purpose. Many critics take a swift and erring leap to the conclusion that its divisions are fraudulent. They would be fraudulent, indeed, if the appeal for a National Government was immediately answered by a genuine sacrifice of principle . . . while democracy, or government by discussion, endures, party must endure to educate opinion, to organise it, and to express it. Its vigour and honesty are vital to the Constitution. . . . The means to meet the present 'grave emergency,' as General Seely rightly calls it, is not therefore to be sought in the guise of a mixed Cabinet, a brilliant miscellany glowing with all the talents and with the nebular heat of principles in combustion."

Does the *Times* think its own arguments no longer applicable?

I wish that when I talked with Mr. Gandhi in England I had asked him to explain the political use of fasting. Clearly it may be an extremely powerful weapon, though I agree with the ingenious "MacFlecknoe" that fasting until death or victory would not be an effective technique in the West. In India, Mr. Gandhi's fast has probably done more for the Untouchables than fifty years of ordinary agitation would have done. He did exactly what he set out to do—not to coerce the British Government, which was obviously impossible, but to persuade the high-caste Hindus to make terms with Dr. Ambedkar for a better settlement than any which the British Government could have awarded in the absence of agreement in India. (The *Daily Express* and *Daily Mail* on consecutive days headed their comment on this astonishing achievement: "Gandhi Climbs Down.") Now, Gandhi has carried out a number of spectacular fasts, and I asked an intimate friend of his how the Mahatma justified them. He quoted several of Gandhi's statements on the subject. They are extremely interesting, but not quite easy to understand.

* * *

His Delhi fast in 1924 was undertaken as a personal act of expiation after a number of terrible Hindu-Moslem riots. He decided that he had "been instrumental in bringing into being the vast energy of the people," that this had gone into destructive channels, and that he was indirectly and unwittingly responsible. Hence the self-imposed penance for his own sins and those of the country; but he declared that he would be "deeply hurt if my fast made either community surrender on a matter of principle. My fast is a matter between God and myself." Philosophically this appears to resemble the view of "substitution" held by many Christian mystics. In another case Gandhi had thrown his sympathies upon the side of the mill-hands in a strike at Ahmedabad. The strikers had made him their representative and spokesman and sworn to him to hold out until victory. When he saw they were weakening and preparing to return to work without effecting their object, he declared that he would fast until they attained success. On this occasion his fast was terminated by the capitulation of the mill-owners after three days. He said:

> My fast was not free from a grave defect. For I enjoyed very close and cordial relations with the mill-owners, and my fast could not but affect their decision. As a Satyagrahi (one who practises Soul-Force) I knew that I might not fast against them, but ought to leave them free to be influenced by the mill-hands' strike alone. My fast was not undertaken on account of any lapse of the mill-owners, but that of the labourers in which, as their representative, I felt I had a share. With the mill-owners I could only plead; to fast against them would amount to coercion. Yet in spite of my knowledge that my fast was bound to, as in fact it did, put pressure upon them, I felt I could not help it. The duty to undertake it seemed to me to be clear.

I find myself baffled by this. Persuasion is right, coercion is wrong. So much is clear, though the dividing line may be hard to define. But why would it be wrong to bring the mill-owners round by fasting and not wrong and not coercion to do the same thing to the mill-hands? I do not see it. But perhaps that is merely because I am a product of an English public school.

* * *

The following divide our weekly bunch of carrots.

> Will gentleman sportsman help another sportsman, having permanent job, London, 27, public school, give £2,000 enable marry loveliest girl in England and save broken romance; possible friendship several interesting and charming young people follow: absolutely genuine, unimpeachable references; urgent.—*Advt. morning paper.*

* * *

> Arthur George Lewis, licensee of the Cambrian Arms Hotel, Bridgend, was given the benefit of the doubt and the case dismissed at Bridgend on Saturday when accused of selling intoxicating liquor after hours to Howell Leyshon, labourer, of Coity, who was fined 10s. for consuming after hours.—*Provincial paper.*

> Dr. G. P. Bidder remarked that the symptoms of old age commonly noticed in men, dogs and horses are not seen in animals such as water voles, female plaice, sea anemones, and the bath sponge.—*Provincial paper.*

* * *

> When you go beyond thousands, a few hundreds mean very little to women one way or another.—Mrs. Alfred Watt, Founder of the Women's Institutes in the British Isles in the *Evening News.*

CRITIC.

STAMPS

EVERYBODY knows, either from personal recollection or from reading, how harsh was the upbringing of the ordinary Victorian child. No Negro slave ever enjoyed less liberty than the child in a Victorian nursery. If it was not smothered with affection by possessive parents, it was usually the victim of the triple tyranny of nurse, father, and schoolmaster (or mistress), who devoted their time to forbidding it to do things. They ruled chiefly through fear. Growing up in a dark jungle of taboos, the child trembled even at the thought of telling a lie. Its imagination was haunted by the story of the fate of Ananias and Sapphira. It was taught to look upon itself as a naturally wicked person who would very likely be sent to hell if it stole anything more valuable than an apple. It could not utter a stronger oath than "By Ginger" without feeling that it might be struck dead by lightning on the spot. Even the universal modern amusement of Sabbath-breaking was regarded with such horror that no well-brought-up child, having read a profane book on Sunday, would have felt itself unjustly treated if it had been whipped off to share the refrigerated fate of the Man in the Moon.

Drinking and dicing the child was taught to think dreadful. Politeness to parents was violently forced upon it either by an appeal to the Fourth Commandment or by whippings or slappings. Never for an instant was it left alone. If its stockings came down it was sternly ordered to pull up its stockings. Even an undone shoelace was enough to give a nagging nurse a chance of interfering. If it did not wash behind its ears and well down the neck it was made to feel inferior to the servile little prigs who did these things. I have even known a Victorian child to be expostulated with for tearing the seat of a new pair of trousers in climbing over a forbidden fence—"forbidden"! the most typically Victorian word, perhaps, in the English vocabulary. These may seem small things, but cumulatively they amounted to something like torture. The result was that every child, even before it reached its teens, longed to escape, and that, rather than remain at home with all its miserable associations, the manliest young men emigrated at the earliest possible age and annexed large portions of the globe to the British Empire.

Children of the present age must often wonder as they read about life in the nineteenth century how it comes that the suicide rate among Victorian children was not larger than it was. Can anyone imagine enjoying life swathed in taboos and malleted into stupefaction by prohibitions? What was there to live for if there was nothing to hope for? The morrow promised no hope: it was only one day nearer hell. The day offered pleasures, but the pleasures, as soon as they were offered, were snatched away by some elder, bent upon making it clear that life was real, life was earnest. The mind, it is true, was free to wander, but it wandered in fear, because the facts of life were among the many things that were tabooed. The older Victorians, indeed, devoted a great part of their energies to persuading the young that there were no such things as the facts of life. Farmers and farm-labourers told their children that calves and lambs were accidentally discovered under gooseberry bushes or in cabbages, and a country child was always severely punished if it revealed the knowledge that a chicken came out of an egg. Forbidden

to look at the facts of life, forbidden also to do anything else that they wanted to do, and taught that, whatever they did, they would probably go to hell in any case, can the Victorian young be seriously blamed for becoming utterly reckless and going out and painting a large part of the map of the world red?

It is not easy to explain the passion of the older Victorians for forbidding things. Was it the lust of power on the part of weaklings who saw that they could impose their will on those who were still weaker and obtained satisfaction even from ordering a small boy not to smash all the flowerpots by aiming stones at them from a catapult? Or did it spring from a belief that the human being is naturally so wicked that whatever he does is sure to be wrong, so that whoever forbids him to do it is sure to be right? Or was a perverted hatred of pleasure at the bottom of it? The last explanation seems the most likely. It may be objected that the Victorians cannot have been such killjoys since they allowed their children to play games. The obvious answer is that the Victorians did their best to kill the joy even of games—that they, more than the men and women of any other era, made games compulsory and took all the pleasure out of them by explaining that they helped to strengthen the character. Everybody knows how cricket came to be associated with the highest ideals of Victorian morality. No American in an ethical mood says: "It isn't baseball." No Basque says: "It isn't pelota." No Parisian says: "It isn't fishing." Yet even to-day the Englishman continues to say: "It isn't cricket," as though he were referring to the one desirable addendum to the Ten Commandments.

Was it because the Victorians believed that stamp-collecting also served some moral or useful purpose that they did not put their feet down and forbid their children to collect stamps? There are few things more extraordinary in the social history of the Victorian era than this omission to prohibit a perfectly harmless pleasure. The Victorians were not unintelligent; they must have seen that boys enjoyed collecting stamps; why, then, did they not forbid it? Possibly the novelty of the thing took them by surprise. Sabbath-breaking, window-breaking, not-washing, swearing, stealing, and looking at the facts of life—these were traditional vices and to frown on them was a hereditary custom. Stamps, being new, however, raised a new problem, and a problem that had not been solved by parents before their children had more or less established the right to indulge in one of the most exciting of hobbies. By that time, no doubt, the smug and hypocritical Victorian had persuaded himself that stamp-collecting served some useful purpose—that it taught boys geography, or something equally unpleasant. Had those parents but foreseen the consequences of this easy-going self-deception, how they would have groaned in spirit! For it was in stamp-collecting that the Victorian child first tasted pleasure without prohibition; and, having once tasted it, he did not pause till he had established that universal reign of happiness which is the principal achievement of our time.

Speaking for myself, I can say that I owe to stamps such raptures as poets find in the contemplation of the moon and stars. There were stamps, such as the old English red penny, that seemed to glow for me like flowers in the garden. There was the three-cornered Cape of Good Hope, the first sight of which Cortes and all his men would have envied me, for they saw nothing more wonderful. And there was a rare Mauritius stamp that was the peak of Everest in a philatelist's dream. What an escape from the narrow tyrannies of the age into this populous picture-show of a world unvisited! What did it matter if one was forbidden to swear so long as one was allowed to gaze on the lovely swan of Western Australia? One might be forbidden to look at the facts of life, but how much finer than even the facts of life were the Sphinx and pyramid on an Egyptian stamp! The flames of hell became distant beyond belief as one gazed at the new Spanish stamp with the head of the boy king. These things I remembered as I read about the opening of the Exhibition of Philatelic Art at the Holborn Restaurant. And, as an ex-Victorian child, I rejoiced to think that that pitiless age had overlooked this one pleasure and left us at least one memory that is not bitter with resentment and hatred. Because of this alone one can almost forgive one's nurse for having compelled one to wash one's neck.

Y. Y.

THE MORAL OF THE FAST

SO, thanks to the Mahatma's fast,
Untouchables and men of caste
Have sensibly achieved, at last,
A reconciliation.
Does this suggest a new technique
For bringing faction, State, and clique
In more progressive lands, to seek
Peace and co-operation?

Will Arthur Henderson decline
To break his fast, or lunch, or dine,
Till France and Germany combine
In armament reductions?
Will Shaw refrain from food or drink,
Or (greater sacrifice!) from ink,
Till Thomas and De V. shall shrink
From mutual misconstructions?

Will Sutcliffe swear to lay aside
The bat that is his country's pride
While strikes and lock-outs are applied
In wage negotiations?
Will Charlie Chaplin's face be seen
No more on any stage or screen
Till every slate is wiped quite clean
Of debts and reparations?

Or should we argue, "Since we see
How quickly differing folk agree
When strong compulsion leaves (D.V.)
No other course to trust to,
Why wait till things are at their worst
And angry passions have been nursed?
Why not, in fact, do at the first,
What in the end we must do?"

MACFLECKNOE.

THE NEW CHILDREN'S CHARTER

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In September of last year, in reply to a resolution from the Workers' Educational Association, the Prime Minister wrote as follows:—"It is the intention of the Government that the educational system . . . shall come to no real harm . . . The Board of Education contemplate not only the maintenance of existing facilities, but some measure of necessary new development." The Draft Regulations for Secondary Schools recently issued by the Board, and Circular 1421 explaining them, are a comment on these assurances. The principles embodied in them are three: No more free secondary schools; no fees below nine guineas, and an increase of fees which are below fifteen guineas; no free places for children unless their parents satisfy a Means Test, which requires that, as the condition of the award of a free place, the income of a family with one child shall not exceed a figure of "£3 to £4 a week," 10s. being added to that limit for every additional child. Such is the new Children's Charter devised by the National Government as a memorial to its zeal for national efficiency and social solidarity.

The alarm expressed in the protests of the Committee

representing the four Associations of Secondary Teachers, of the Workers' Educational Association, and of the Co-operative Union is not surprising. If the new policy is enforced the free secondary education established by certain great authorities will be swept out of existence; over 1,000 secondary schools may be compelled to raise their fees, sometimes by as much as 50 per cent.; and a large number of parents of small means will find the doors of secondary schools slammed in the face of their children. The child of relatively well-to-do parents normally has, as it is, a preferential opportunity of secondary education as compared with that of parents of small means, who, even if he is not successful in the free place examination, may be better qualified to profit by it. As a consequence, individuals are penalised merely because their parents are poor, and the nation is prevented from making the best of its human resources. If the Draft Regulations are confirmed, these tendencies will be strengthened. The mischievous effects of the Means Test could be mitigated, of course, by raising the income limit; but behind the immediate issue lies a larger question of social policy, which concerns not only educationists and parents, but the nation as a whole. Do we intend to establish in England a democratic system of higher education, or do we not? Do we believe in the maximum possible equality of educational opportunity, and are we prepared to pay the price for it? Or do we prefer that children shall receive secondary education if their parents have money, but that, if their parents are too poor to buy it for them, they shall, with the exception of those who continue under the new conditions to be awarded free places, be compelled to go without it?

That question has confronted the nation ever since the Act of 1902 created the skeleton of a public system of secondary education. Of all problems of educational policy relating to the organisation, as distinct from the methods and content of education, it is the most fundamental; and of all problems it is that which has been most persistently burked. It was possible to evade it because, whatever doctrines might be held on the subject, policy moved till recently, though slowly and with interruptions, in one direction. Progress in making secondary education accessible to all sections of the population was, it is true, nothing like so rapid or extensive as is often suggested; the ex-elementary schoolchildren entering secondary schools in 1930 formed less than 13 per cent. of the age-group 10–11 in the elementary schools in 1929. But, thanks to the growth in the number of grant-aided secondary schools, to the action of enlightened education authorities in providing more than the percentage of free places required by the Board, and, not least, to the sacrifices made by parents, gaps were cut in the barbed wire, and the number of children from working-class homes who found their way into secondary schools steadily increased. In explaining the Free Place System to the House of Commons, in 1907, the then President of the Board had stated that "schools might have as many free places as they pleased, and, where the schools were provided by the Local Education Authorities, he trusted they would all be free." It could plausibly be argued that our practice was, as usual, better than our principles, that the ideal defined by Mr. McKenna was in process of realisation, and that we were approaching a stage at which the educational opportunities of children would cease to be determined by the income of their parents.

That pleasing illusion has now been dispelled. By the action of the Board, which means, of course, neither its admirable officials, who, it may be suspected, hate the whole business, nor its President, who, however well-intentioned, must conform in these matters to the policy of his party, but the Cabinet and a mob of rich men behind it, barriers gradually lowered are once more to be raised. The association of educational opportunity with money, the hereditary curse both on English education and on English society, is to be re-established as a principle of public policy. Nor is it possible, I fear, to console ourselves with the reflection that the new departures now proposed represent merely a temporary concession to a passing emergency. The justification for them advanced in the Circular, and the terminology of the Regulations, suggest that the innovations are intended to be permanent. It is ominous that the latter lay down that what has hitherto been known as a "Free Place" shall be described in future as a "Special Place." Till an explanation is offered, the reasons prompting that change must remain conjectural. I am afraid, however, that it is not so purposeless as at first sight it appears. As long as the term Free Place is used, there is a risk that the number of Free Places may be increased until every place is free, and certain authorities, in their mistaken desire to diminish educational inequalities, have acted on that principle. But, if Special Places were multiplied, they would obviously cease to be "Special"; by very definition they must be restricted to a minority of the pupils in a school. Thus over-zealous authorities are to be protected by the Regulations from the insidious temptations of a dangerously democratic system of nomenclature.

The spokesmen of the Government will protest, of course, with sobs in their voices, that they are reluctantly obeying the remorseless dictates of economic necessity. I do not question their sincerity; but I cannot help observing a resemblance between their tears and those of another famous statesman, which turned to millstones as they fell and knocked out children's brains. Where do these gentlemen get their economics? Only three days before the issue of the new Draft Regulations a letter was published in the *Times* over the signatures, among others, of Sir William Beveridge, Professor Pigou, Sir Arthur Salter, Professor John Hilton, and Mr. Dennis Robertson, warning the Government against further educational economies, and, in particular, against such as "take the form of raising fees in secondary schools." If there are economists of equal standing who take a different view, who are they? The truth is that the whole array of suggestions, sedulously propagated for a year, that it is economically beneficial to the nation to spend less on the health and education of the rising generation, is a bluff, and not a plausible one. It is time that it was called. The meaner sort of income-tax payer may rub his hands—the public-spirited will not—at the thought that the Government is saving his pocket at the cost of his neighbour's children; but he is mistaken in supposing that his personal prejudices are an infallible index either of economic realities or of the public advantage. If, as the Government intends, secondary education is made dearer and less accessible—if fewer boys and girls from working-class families are allowed to cultivate their powers, and a larger number are thrown at fourteen on to the labour-market—few competent economists will argue that as a consequence wheels now silent will turn, or pits closed reopen, or wage-earners now idle be restored to employment by the sacrifice of their children.

The choice before the nation is simpler and more serious than is implied in these concoctions of half-baked economics and stale appeals to cupidity. It is expressed in a nutshell in two documents which lie before me. The first is an extract from a speech by the French Prime Minister; the second a British Report, which attained some notoriety, on National Expenditure. France, like ourselves, has her economic difficulties. In what spirit is she meeting them? M. Herriot tells us. "Being determined," he states, "to reconstruct our whole system of education on rational lines, we intend henceforward to make secondary education completely free, in order to open the same access to knowledge to every child in France."

France is acting on his words. In 1930 the French Chamber made the sixth (*Anglice* the first) class in the secondary school course free, and in 1931 the fifth (*Anglice* the second). The reform is intended to continue till French secondary education is free throughout. What has England to offer to set beside that policy? Behind the recent action of the Board lies the Report of the Committee on National Expenditure; and the answer to that question, I am afraid we must admit, is given in the golden sentence in which Sir George May and his colleagues expounded their conception of the educational arrangements best suited for their fellow-countrymen: "Since the standard of education, elementary and secondary, that is being given to *the child of poor parents*, is already in very many cases superior to that which the *middle-class parent* is providing for his own child, we feel that it is time to pause in this policy of expansion." (*Italics mine.*) When I read that declaration of class-war in the schools I confess that, with other innocents, I was naive enough to be shocked. But the Cabinet has improved on it. It has not merely "paused in the policy of expansion," it intends, it appears, to carry out a counter-revolution.

It is between these two conceptions of educational policy, which are also two conceptions of civilisation, that we now have to choose. The Draft Regulations will not come into operation till April 1st, 1933. If public opinion will make itself heard it can compel their withdrawal, as it is essential that it should. But as long as English education is organised on lines of social class, so that the children of the rich go to one type of school, and the children of common persons to another, and the former,

when they are adults, resent expenditure on the education of the latter because they see no benefit in it for themselves and their own children, and both alike, having been treated as though they belonged to different biological species, glare at each other in later life across the chasm of mutual misunderstanding in which from childhood they have been trained—as long as these conditions are maintained, so long also will English education continue to be, not what it might, the great uniter, but a source of discord and division, and so long will these humiliating exhibitions continue to recur. If the proposals now laid before the nation drive home that lesson, they will not, mischievous though they are, be wholly to be regretted. R. H. TAWNEY.

[*Other Correspondence on this subject has been unavoidably held over.*—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

Correspondence

BOMBING THEM INTO THE LEAGUE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The authoritative article you publish by Captain Philip Mumford is appalling: I hope it will receive widespread attention before the entry of Iraq into the League and before the British Government restates its policy as to air armaments. Captain Mumford helps us to realise a little of the real consequences and meaning of the policy of using air bombardment for the "policing" of territories difficult of access, such as Kurdistan and Waziristan. He tells us that "even cattle were to be slaughtered from the air," so as to destroy the vital food supplies of these Kurdish tribesmen. "Time-delayed bombs" were used in the bombing of "Sheikh Ahmad's area," so that when the tribesmen returned to their homes, supposing the danger to be past, they would be surprisingly blown to pieces. It is hard to conceive a more loathsome wrong at the hands of Western science and imperialism. It is this policy of air-bombardment for the "policing" of troublesome tribesmen and uncivil civilians that Sir John Simon seeks to perpetuate. He made an apparently impassioned speech at Geneva on July 21st, saying that air attack against the civilian population must be abolished "out and out." But in fact the Resolution of July 23rd is meant to permit the continuance of air bombardment against native villages. Here is the text:

> Air attack against the civilian population shall be absolutely prohibited. The High Contracting Parties shall agree as between themselves that all bombardment from the air shall be abolished, subject to agreement with regard to measures to be adopted for the purpose of rendering effective the observance of this rule.

(*e.g.*, as to limitation of military aircraft and regulation of civil aircraft). The French text is clearer. The Parties "s'engageront à abolir entre elles tout bombardement aérien. . . ."

Sir John said not one word in his speech to disclose the real intention of this text: but members of the peace movement in Geneva who made immediate inquiry on this point were given to understand that it really was the intention to allow the continuance of air-bombing against native villages. Oh yes, "villages." Not, of course, "the civilian population." Would it not now be more prudent, as well as more decent, to find some other method of establishing "peace" in these troubled lands, even if the alternative is more costly and less effective in silencing complaint? W. ARNOLD FORSTER.

GERMANY AND "AUTARCHY"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The course of events in Germany seems to be bearing out my prediction that circumstances would soon compel the several "anti-capitalist" forces in Germany, which have been combating one another with futile slogans and bill-sticking, to make common cause. Reaction, naked and unashamed, is now in the saddle, and the first effect is to emphasise, as I did in a previous letter, the *Socialist* strain in the Nazi movement. I ask space, therefore, to urge upon you once again a more realist appreciation of contemporary economic phenomena.

Herr von Papen, speaking at Münster on August 28th, tells us that his Government rejects the idea of fundamental "autarchy" because Germany cannot dispense with her economic relations with the outside world. That is on a par with your own scathing comments on the goal of national economic self-sufficiency. May I suggest that, in presenting the issue in these terms, the Chancellor is less than fair to the supporters of the "new economic system" who are now to be numbered by millions outside the Hitler party proper? The stand taken the other day by the Christian Trade Unions, for instance, against the arch-individualists now in power is significant.

The intellectuals and latter-day economists who are thinking in terms of "autarchy," are not proposing to sever altogether the links that a country in Germany's position is bound to have with other economic units. They are careful to explain (a fact that their opponents conveniently forget) that "autarchy" is an idea only in the Platonic sense of the word. It is actually the translation into policy of a tendency existing in reality, as indeed was in its time "Free Trade." It amounts to acceptance of, instead of blind resistance to, the tendency towards economic self-sufficiency within certain more or less politically sovereign areas which is the order of the day.

Surely those who persist in prescribing an expansion of "foreign trade," in the old sense of an export surplus, for the health of the body economic—of any nation to-day—are displaying a wilful blindness to the actual development of the world. "Free Trade," with its accompanying financial mechanism—made and perfected in Great Britain—has admirably fulfilled its function of opening up the resources of the globe. But nineteenth-century economies predicated on scarcity cannot be applicable to the conditions of to-day. The reality—whether we like it or not—is that the traditional world economic order, *Weltwirtschaft*, is breaking up, and until our political and economic masters shall have adjusted their thinking to the new age—to the twentieth century of plenty—there is no *world* system to put in its place. And so the several political units are compelled to seek safety in insulation, in measures of economic nationalism which, though certainly dislocating, are neither wicked nor wrong-headed, but simply inevitable.

Marlow, Bucks. W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE FUTURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—With reference to the article by Sir S. Cripps which recently appeared in your Journal, can you give a plain answer to a plain question, and that is:

Is it, or is it not, the declared intention of the Labour Party, if they are returned at the next election, to do away with *all* private property? J. R. GEORGE.

Cliff Cottage,
Swanage, Dorset.

[We cannot speak for the Labour Party, but since there may be other people suffering from the same fear as our correspondent we hasten to assure him that at no time and in no place has the Labour Party ever made any such suggestion. We recommend him to read the Party's published programme for himself.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I sincerely hope that if he has read the letter from Mr. T. D. Lowe, published in your issue of September 24th, Prof. Laski will hasten to retract all that he has suggested regarding the policy to be pursued by the next Labour Government.

Surely Prof. Laski knows that it is one thing for a few score of policemen to disperse a few thousands of half-starved unemployed men and women who are only asking that they be not wholly starved, but a very different matter when one is dealing with a handful of well-fed and virile Lords (and Bishops, Mr. Lowe). The latter cannot be coerced so easily; nothing less than the whole of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Police Force will overcome them.

No! It cannot be done, Professor. You and I and our mere twenty-nine millions odd of fellow-citizens will have to resign ourselves to what this handful of he-men will allow us.

The only criticism of Mr. Lowe's letter I would make is that a little alteration of a sentence in the last paragraph would have made its implications plainer—as follows:

> The only change likely to occur in the House of Lords in the near future is its transformation into a really strong and effective Chamber, capable of revising without let or hindrance

all measures coming from the Commons, with no nonsense about *Democratic Government*.

29 Inglewood Road, H. W. CARVER.
West Hampstead, N.W.6.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It is painful to find oneself, even for a moment, out of harmony with Professor Murray, whom, in common with all lovers of peace, I am accustomed to regard as the sanest of teachers and leaders. Reading his letter, I have borne in mind the German scholar's maxim, "When you disagree with Lachmann think twice and thrice lest not he, but you, may be wrong." But I cannot see that he meets my point. He speaks as if I were desirous to make the Union a branch of a single party. On the contrary, I would support any candidate, Tory, Liberal, or Labour, who whole-heartedly accepted the Union's programme: and I would oppose a candidate, even if in other respects sharing my political views, who seemed to me unsound on this paramount question. As for "denunciation," of which Professor Murray speaks, I leave that on one side. To oppose is not to denounce. When Professor Murray says that in the reports of the Union's resolutions on Japan and on Disarmament, "what I shall miss is denunciation," he speaks truth. I am glad to miss it. But what I observe still more clearly is the absence of anything that seems to lead to effective *action*.

E. E. KELLETT.

3 Park Hall, Crooms Hill, S.E.10.

"MIRACLE AT VERDUN"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—If I may be allowed to criticise the criticism of the *Miracle at Verdun*, may I begin by saying that I think it a great pity that a journal of the intellectual standing of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION cannot spare a critic who is able to give more time and consideration to a production of the importance of Schlumberg's play by a theatre which is bravely endeavouring to raise the standard of the English stage?

Your critic, attending the dress rehearsal only, and leaving before the end, has no right to "crab" a production which, like every work of art, needs to be seen as a whole to be adequately understood. It is clear that your critic missed the central idea of the play, and has gleaned an impression of the part he witnessed, which is totally misleading.

I would suggest that it is unfair to the Embassy Theatre, and to the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, that such an inadequate criticism should have found its way into "Plays and Pictures." MARY E. HALL.

8 Burgess Hill,
Hampstead, N.W.2.

[Our Film critic writes:—

I thought it proper to say that I had not seen the whole of *Miracle at Verdun*, to the dress rehearsal of which I had been invited at the last moment, and which began at the difficult hour of 5.30. But I certainly saw almost the whole play and could not possibly have been in the least affected in my general conclusion that the play lacked all shape and all literary merit, and made only the shadowiest attempt to portray character. These characteristics I have noticed in other Expressionist plays, though they were, to my mind, highly marked in *Miracle at Verdun*. Whether such criticisms are true and, if true, important is certainly a matter of opinion. If I believe that a theatre, however well intentioned, is harming the cause it has at heart (the raising of the theatrical standard), it is my duty, an unpalatable one, to say so.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

VIVISECTION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—On glancing casually through a standard medical textbook, *A Synopsis of Medicine*, by Tidy, 5th Edition, 1930, I have elicited the following information:

In 1908 Fraser and Stanton proved the etiology of beri-beri definitely by feeding experiments on fowls. Beri-beri is now a preventable disease.

In 1909 Landsteiner and Popper transmitted acute poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) to monkeys by injection, thus showing the infective nature of the disease.

In 1912 Hopkins concluded that some "accessory food factors" (now known as vitamins) were essential to growth in young animals; these conclusions were based on experiments with rats.

In 1926 Liver Treatment for pernicious anaemia was introduced by Minot and Murphy; the treatment being based on information gained from experiments on dogs. The value of this treatment was "instantly accepted."

I wish only to draw attention to the fact that the three medical authorities Mr. Whiting quotes in support of his views on experiments in which animals are used were writing in 1898, 1890 and 1892. M.R.C.S.

THE BUNCH OF CARROTS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—We forgave you when we missed that most refreshing part of our diet, "the bunch of carrots," for one week's issue, but it is now two dreary weeks. What are you going to do about it? You give us the delectable dish to whet our appetites then whisk it away. No use to complain there are not carrots to be had for the picking. Please set your gardeners to work, the field is wide and well manured.

REGINALD BRAYNE.

[Critic says: Sure, there are plenty of carrots, but I insist on the very best quality. The best gardeners are my readers, and they have been rather slack in holiday time. I am always glad to receive useful and really funny or illuminating press extracts.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

HELL PASSAGE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—"Y.Y." refers in his article of September 17th, "Pilgrim's Lane," to the rumoured change of name of Oxford and its Colleges. This comes very near the mark.

A few years ago the Town Council in its gentility changed the familiar street names in and round Oxford: Catt Street to St. Catherine's Street, Pullen's Lane to Pullen's Road, etc. But in the last year these old "pet" names have been restored. The name of "Hell Passage" has had many vicissitudes. It has always been known to undergraduates by this title, but in the general refinement it was labelled "St. Helen's Passage." Thus it remained for a few years. But a year ago, in the outspokenness of the age, the name, in exquisite lettering, reverted to "Hell Passage." Last term someone, whose feelings were apparently outraged, blacked out "Hell"! A week or so ago it was again called, with Victorian decency, St. Helen's Passage. The name of "Hell" comes, I imagine, from the same source as so many "Hell" corners about the country—a right-angle or L-turn in its course. M.

MONETARY POLICY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes in his criticism of the monetary policy of the Labour Party does not exaggerate the importance of the investment channels outside the capital market. To ignore (*a*) the reinvestment of surplus profits by private enterprise, and (*b*) the work of the building societies, was an obvious weakness of the Labour policy. In my articles on "The Control of National Investment" in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in October last year, I pointed out, as regards (*a*) that the reinvestment of undistributed profits in private enterprise would assume less importance when the State acquired control of the basic industries, but that if the Government wished to stimulate investment in any particular industry under private control, it might exempt from taxation undistributed and reinvested profits within certain limits, provided always that the business was an "approved" one under the State economic plan. As regards (*b*), I suggested that the building societies could be brought within the scope of State planning by requiring the rate of interest charged by them to borrowers, or allowed to depositors and shareholders, to be subject to the approval of either the National Investment Board or the Treasury.

Nevertheless it would be unwise to minimise the importance of the capital market, for it has great powers for good and evil. It is true, as Mr. Keynes says, that the amounts involved in pro-

motion scandals are relatively small, but in the last company promotion boom a great deal of havoc was wrought in established industries, such as artificial silk, gramophones, safety glass, etc., by the promotion of *bona fide* companies which built unnecessary plant and indulged in uneconomic competition.

Finally, may I suggest to the Labour Party that the National Investment Board would become a constructive as well as a restrictive force if it were linked up with Loan Councils specialising in different fields? For example, a Municipal Loans Council, a Transport Loans Council, a Crown Colonies Loans Council, etc., would co-ordinate capital expenditure schemes in their particular fields of enterprise, and would work in co-operation with the National Investment Board, which would give priority to their issues if they were part of the State economic plan. All this emphasises the importance of having a Cabinet Committee of Economic Affairs with a permanent staff of economists, statisticians, and business specialists. When you start planning, you must plan everything. E. H. DAVENPORT.

OSTEOPATHY AND APATHY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The American osteopaths are about to hold a great Convention in Kirksville to celebrate forty years of progress in teaching osteopathy. In Britain we are so steeped in apathy about this science that, until Mr. W. A. Streeter began his campaign in 1924 and wrote his recent book, there was very little authoritative information available to the general public.

The sick and suffering are denied the benefits of osteopathy in this country, though in America they can obtain these boons with ease. The fault, it seems to me, lies with those who persistently oppose legislation such as the "Registration and Regulation of Osteopaths" Bill, promoted in 1931 by the Osteopathic Defence League. In my opinion, it is not a matter to be dealt with by a private members' Bill; I hold that the Government itself should legislate in such a way that the qualified osteopath shall have equal rights with the orthodox doctor or surgeon, whilst those who, without qualifications, shelter behind the present lack of control, should be relegated to the category to which they properly belong.

Mere prejudice should no longer be allowed to obstruct the progress of British osteopathy, nor rob our people of its valuable service as a method of healing. I write as one who has seen the benefit of osteopathic treatment in the case of my little boy.

24, Priory Road, Bedford Park, W.4. L. J. O'CALLAGHAN.

Miscellany

THE UNFORTUNATE MR. HARVEY*

THERE is no authentic picture of Mr. B. B. Harvey, of Wexford, who achieved a momentary fame at the end of the eighteenth century, but we know he was short and thin, with a long and perplexed face. He had, indeed, reason for perplexity. He was a Protestant placed almost by force at the head of a mainly Catholic insurrection, a rich landlord leading landless peasants, and a general who was selected for his pacific qualities.

The events which led to his brief fame and sudden death came in the early summer of 1798, in Ireland. Ireland was then under the rule of the unreformed Dublin Castle, and seething with rebellion. The Castle, afraid for its power, took up a policy of driving the rebels, the United Irishmen, into the open. "Means were taken," said Castlereagh, "to make the United Irish system explode."

More crudely put, the United Irishmen were harried into revolt by systematic outrage and brutality. So successful was the Castle that an insurrection actually broke out in May, 1798. But the Government had spies in the United Irish ranks, and it was able to disorganise the revolt almost before it had begun. The Dublin insurrection was wrecked by treachery, the Ulster insurrection by the cowardice of the rebel general.

There was, indeed, no effective insurrection except in a county where the United Irishmen had had few hopes—the county of Wexford. Nor was the insurrection here the sober, deist, Republican, eighteenth-century outbreak which the founders of the United Irishmen had anticipated. It was a disorderly peasant outbreak headed by a fiery Catholic priest named Father John Murphy. Its ranks were filled by ragged and marauding labourers, and it owed its victories to the extreme cowardice of the Yeomanry. Both Yeomanry and regulars fled before Father Murphy's pitchforks and clubs. In one case their ranks were even shattered by a charge of heifers.

Its progress was such that before long Father Murphy arrived outside the walls of Wexford. His victorious army was larger than ever, and its predatory and violent habits were undiminished. The priest seemed in no hurry to occupy the city. He occupied himself with ambushing small parties of militia.

Meanwhile, the King's troops silently slipped out of the town with their stores. On their disappearance, a number of the chief inhabitants, of United Irish sympathies, decided it was necessary to appoint a regular leader to take charge of the town, and in particular to come to an arrangement with Father Murphy's irregular and menacing army outside the walls. They selected this Protestant gentleman, Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, and a deputation of eight "respectable persons" called on him to offer him the position. Mr. Harvey had been arrested by the King's troops on suspicion, and once in prison he insisted on remaining there. The deputation secured admission to the jail with the greatest difficulty, and only after repeated assurances that they meant him no harm. They were then shown into an apparently empty room.

"But we wish to speak to Mr. Harvey," they protested.

"Speak, then," said a voice which appeared to come from nowhere.

A little startled, they examined the room, turned over the furniture, looked under tables and chairs, and out of the windows, but could discover no Mr. Harvey. Perplexed, but perforce accepting the mystery, they then delivered their message. They pointed out that the British forces had fled, while outside the town there was an army which might have the appearance of a United Irish force, but had a great many of the characteristics of a marauding and murderous rabble. Mr. Harvey, for his well-known honesty and mildness, would be an admirable emissary to Father Murphy's troops. Would he not consent to take supreme authority, negotiate with the rebels, and admit them peaceably, so that no violence or robbery should occur?

"The insurgents," replied the same disembodied voice, "do not come from my neighbourhood, and I could not influence them. Further, I am not even sure that they know I am not an enemy."

"But if you were to show yourself——"

"I am not suited to a command such as this."

"Would you not consent to write to them?"

The voice assented, saying that its owner would gladly write whatever was thought desirable. This decision was immediately followed by a distinct rustling sound and two crashes. An immense fall of soot and two bricks came down the chimney, followed by two swinging boots. The half-choked voice of Mr. Harvey begged the deputation to pull on his legs, as his clothes had become tucked up and he was lodged in the chimney. Three pulls at his feet, a fresh shower of soot, a rattle of fire-irons followed, and this singular commander-in-chief was ready to take charge of his forces.

He removed some of his more obvious resemblances to a sweep, and sent a letter in the name of the citizens of Wexford to Father Murphy's soldiers urging them to act with friendli-

* A small part of Mr. Harvey's story was told in Mr. Raymond Postgate's recent book, *Robert Emmet*.

ness. The response was instant and exuberant. The insurgents rushed into the town cheering, and presented themselves at Harvey's house, where they seized him by friendly force, threw him in the air, chaired him, and proclaimed him General Commander of the Irish Republic. It is doubtful whether Harvey or Father Murphy was the more vexed at this appointment. Father Murphy picked up his skirts, and with them a large number of his followers, and marched out of the town to resume his previous occupation of chasing parties of Orange Yeomanry about the countryside. Harvey disconsolately accepted his post and issued a large number of orders which nobody obeyed. His forces had no intention of submitting to any instructions, or of respecting any property rights, though they did at least attend to his continual interventions to save the lives of Protestant prisoners.

At last, as much to employ his forces as because he was convinced that it was prudent, he led a roaring, riotous thirty thousand out to New Ross to attack the Royal troops. He was, he knew, unfit for a military command, but he endeavoured on the evening of the attack to find inspiration in the excellent claret provided by Mr. Murphy, of Corbet Hill. In this he was imitated by his staff, and when in the early morning they were roused according to their own instructions, several of them were still hopelessly fuddled. Some, making in their wisdom the best of a bad job, quietly annexed an enormous barrel of port, rolled it into a large ditch, and sat round it armed with wooden cups. Whenever any troops passed they would spring out, and with a gravity becoming to their uniforms call out, "How goes the day, boys?" and after receiving an answer would disappear into the ditch again as though on a secret errand of grave importance.

With such leaders the rebel forces had little chance of success. They took New Ross with a rush and then sat down to drink to their own success, and were then rushed out by the King's troops' counter-attack. They retook it after a savage battle, and then were at the end driven out again. Harvey and all their generals were swept back in a common rout. As they fled, some of the rebels avenged their years of oppression in a horrible manner. They drove a number of Protestant prisoners into a barn at Scullabogue, set fire to it, and burnt them alive.

Harvey was chilled to the heart when he rode up too late, finding nothing but smoking ruins and charred bodies. "Innocent people were burnt there as ever were born. Your conquests for liberty are over," he said to some of those he suspected of being ringleaders. They answered him by sullen silence. He turned to a few of his friends. "I see how it is. If these people succeed I shall be murdered by them. If they are defeated I shall be hanged." He threw up his command and returned to Wexford, where he took the Protestant prisoners under his protection, awaiting the disaster he knew to be inevitable.

The Royal troops, as he expected, soon returned victorious to Wexford. He realised as soon as they entered that his life was unsafe, and he fled to the largest of the Saltee islands outside Wexford. The British search party that followed him, headed by a doctor, knew perfectly well that he was there, but they could not find him. They found "some genteel wearing apparel," they found silk shoes hidden in the bracken, they even found a feather bed and a teaset, but Harvey seemed once again to have concealed himself impenetrably. At last the doctor, exhausted by going over and over the surface of the island, in despair tried taking out a boat on the water and looking at it from the outside. He stared at every crack and crevice, and at last noticed a place where the earth was lighter in colour than elsewhere. The search party went to the place and discovered the earth had been recently disturbed and a flat stone laid across an opening. Beneath was Beauchamp Harvey hiding in a chimney—a natural chimney this time, and the last chimney in which he was to hide.

The search party took him across to the town, where he was hanged on Wexford bridge, his head cut off, and his body pushed over the parapet into the water.

RAYMOND W. POSTGATE.

A DISCUSSION ON BERLIOZ

IT is quite a mistake to think that there is no diversity of opinion among musicians on the music of the acknowledged classical masters, for there is. In fact, the moment we leave the common ground of accepted platitudes we shall hardly find any argument at all. I think, therefore, that is is too lightly assumed that the diversity of opinion about Berlioz is exceptional. The fact is that Berlioz is not an easy composer to appreciate and most of his admirers have not got so very far in their understanding of his work as to have presented a solid platform of platitude upon which the public can stand.

It is most important to have this ground-plan of platitude if we wish an artist to be properly appreciated. For example, on two occasions recently at the Promenades that admirable violinist, Adolf Busch, has played to the immense satisfaction of the audience and apparently of Sir Henry Wood and his colleagues. The critics have been—as far as I have seen their notices—equally rapturous. Now all this rests, in my opinion, on the very solid foundation of a definite conception of Busch as the exponent of the great classic tradition of violin playing and not as one of those East European flamboyant and unmusical virtuosos who cannot, or at least do not (or not often), play Bach, Brahms and Beethoven. But if one listened to Busch's performance the other night of the Brahms concerto, simply with one's own ears, one might have come to the conclusion that it was perhaps more dull than classical, more laboured than inspired, more correct than convincing.

Apart from the notion that Berlioz was a romantic the public has no starting place from which to walk round Berlioz. Nor are the musicians in any better situation. I am reminded of this fact because I have just been reading the report of a discussion on his music published some time ago by the Oxford University Press. At this discussion were present Professor Percy C. Buck, Mr. M. D. Calvocoressi, Mr. Edwin Evans, Mr. Hubert J. Foss, Mr. Harvey Grace, Sir Hamilton Harty, Mr. Percy A. Scholes and Mr. Bernard van Dieren. Of these eight musicians and critics, six were ranged against Berlioz and two for him. The two who were whole-heartedly pro-Berlioz were Sir Hamilton Harty and Mr. Bernard van Dieren, and as I am entirely on their side I think it was they who were the most sensible. The other six gentlemen made charming and highly intelligent speeches such as one would expect from them. The only fault I have to find with their remarks is that I think them utterly wrong. Otherwise no exception whatever can be taken either to the letter or to the spirit of their arguments.

I started to read Sir Hamilton Harty's remarks with a strong prejudice in their favour. I owe to Sir Hamilton Harty much of what little I know of Berlioz's music and nobody can hear Sir Hamilton Harty often as a conductor without realising that he has a musical nature, and that he was not intended by Providence—as some conductors obviously are—for some other occupation. But as I read on I discovered what seemed to me an extraordinary phenomenon. Sir Hamilton Harty, with a perspicacity that in a musical critic would have amounted to genius, laid bare the secret of Berlioz's failure to please as Wagner pleases; and yet at the same time he committed what in a musician is the heresy of ascribing Berlioz's superiority to other than musical qualities. In order to make clear Sir Hamilton Harty's position I must quote some extracts:

A few weeks ago I produced *The Trojans at Carthage* at Manchester. It had never been heard in London, or certainly not by this generation. The reception was enthusiastic, the criticisms all more or less hostile.

> As usual they were all based on the assumption that, as Berlioz did not write music like other composers, therefore his work was a dull failure. I was sad that not one of these critics had seen what beauties lay behind the conventionally disappointing music.
>
> * * *
>
> I am prepared to agree that, viewed as abstract music, Berlioz's music is often absurdly poor and unimportant, but what his critics cannot appreciate is that it is often designedly so. Viewed from a purely musical point of view, Berlioz has no right to the title of great or even good composer. Whether he was conscious of it or not, his object was not to write great music but to be a great poet to whom music would serve as an extra illumination of certain emotions and moods.

In order to show how far Sir Hamilton Harty went along these lines I will quote one other sentence:

> To put it roughly, his genius was in reality more literary than musical.

If we take the above statements literally, we might easily consider them as nonsense. But Sir Hamilton Harty is a musician, not a man of letters, and we must try to get at his meaning. I think his difficulty is that like almost every professional musician (and this applies to the professional in every art) he has too narrow a view of what is musical. This is made clear by the following sentence from his speech referring to Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* symphony:

> . . . the music itself is of thin and not very passionate texture. But it has that mysterious power of suggesting beautiful things which is, I think, the real secret of Berlioz. It is hard to define the exact quality of his music which is responsible for giving this impression. Sometimes it is the very quality of the tone of a certain instrument . . . sometimes it is a particular rhythm; sometimes things even more obvious.

And sometimes, I would add, it is by means so subtle as to defy analysis. But all these means are *musical* means. Tone, rhythm, colour, balance—these are some of the elements of Berlioz's effects, but they are all elements of music. He is not a poet using words, but a musician using tones, so we cannot say that his genius is "more literary than musical."

I was glad to find that Mr. Bernard van Dieren was clear on this point. Otherwise he was in agreement with Sir Hamilton Harty and made many excellent observations such as one would expect from so talented a musician. Among other things he said of Berlioz:

> He started as a musician with stupendous virtuosity who could not yet completely translate his spiritual intensity into terms of music. As his musical application grew to be more precise he produced his greatest work, and the very last of it shows the most perfect balance, the most perfectly conceived structure; it had become the wholly satisfactory and direct translation into music of his human emotions. . . .

And now I come to the statement by Sir Hamilton Harty which is most illuminating. Referring to *The Trojans at Carthage*, he says:

> The end of that opera resembles the end of *The Ring*. In that he scene is much the same. Dido, like Brünnhilde, brings all her distresses to the funeral pyre. But there the resemblance ends. At this culminating moment in her tragedy Brünnhilde becomes more and more musically passionate and effective. Dido, on the other hand, becomes more and more truthful to life and indifferent to musical effect. Most of her final scene is written in low, indistinct accents, as if she were revolving in her own mind all the circle of her weariness and sorrow and was almost dead to the world and its considerations. Her final words, "thus may a Queen descend to a tomb," could not be more dejected and spiritless. There is no musical satisfaction here—and yet, regarded from another and, I think, a higher point of view, her end is a thousand times more touching and more noble than Brünnhilde's. But no critic found this anything more than a proof that Berlioz's gifts were failing when he wrote these pages. The opposite was, I am certain, the case. *The Trojans*, however, is full of instances of definite and obvious refusal on the part of Berlioz to make a conventionally satisfying musical effect at the expense of real living truth.

Now, that is criticism at its best. I would only add that the difference between the so-called conventionally satisfying musical effect and Berlioz's musical effect is the difference between inferior and superior art. There are readers who find Wordsworth tame compared with Swinburne, and artists who find Rembrandt dull compared with Rubens. Well, let them! Such are the people who find Berlioz less musical than Wagner. There is room in the world for all tastes. But let every music lover beware of declaring Berlioz unmusical lest he be merely declaring that he is himself less musical than he thinks. W. J. TURNER.

THE MARX BROTHERS

AFTER one's recovery from the first shock of the Marx Brothers one could not help wondering whether they had really invented anything except themselves. Were they in truth more than four intensely gifted and tuppence-coloured clowns, who had transferred themselves *en bloc* from the stage to the screen? Their short appearance on the boards of the Palace Theatre emphasised this doubt; for on the stage they were manifestly at home, as they never were upon the screen. From the strictly film point of view there has always been something unsatisfactory, something theatrical, about their presentations.

Horse Feathers (at the Plaza) is, however, much more like a film than its predecessors, though it may not appear quite so amusing to many people, in part, no doubt, because the dialogue is now rendered inaudible by the imbecile cackle of the audience. It does not so much divide up into a series of music-hall turns. Though *Horse Feathers*, like other Marx pictures, consists of a series of *cul-de-sac*, it has a unity of speed and tone which we do not find elsewhere. The wise-cracks might, with advantage, be still further diminished; for the dialogue is still too important in itself. It is an obstruction, not a signpost, to the development of the picture and reminds us again that the Marx Brothers learnt their technique on the stage or in the fair. They still remain, somewhat excessively, stars, who do their particular stunts in rotation, and would make the clown's direct appeal to his friends in the audience. *Horse Feathers*, in fact, still wavers. Nevertheless, as a picture, if nothing else, it is the best thing they have done, and leads one to hope that one day they will produce a really good film, instead of only a really good entertainment. To do this, however, they must forget their origin and perhaps sacrifice a good deal of their immediate popularity.

This popularity is indeed a curious phenomenon, and one cannot but wonder how much of it is genuine or, at any rate, intelligent. For they appear to me far the most advanced thing that has been put upon the screen. I do not mean merely that they are crude, and frankly vulgar, the only film artists in Europe or America that do not make some appeal to sentimentality. Rather I mean that the very nature of their humour is so auto-suggestive in its sequence, so apparently disconnected, so purely subjective, that it would, I should have thought, have been unintelligible to more than "a small and pharisaical minority." But presumably *surréalisme* has a direct appeal to the majority, which I should never have expected. The Marx Brothers films and *Palmy Days* are the only *surréaliste* pictures to have a general release, and they have all been great successes. (As a picture I am inclined to rate *Palmy Days* higher than anything done by the Marx Brothers.) But presumably the English have a genius for appreciating this sort of thing, and indeed they invented it. Lear is too purely literary to have any particular connotation with screen æsthetic. But the *Hunting of the Snark* really does look like a Marx film.

> They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care,
> They pursued it with forks and hope,
> They threatened its life with a railway share,
> They charmed it with smiles and soap.
> But the barrister, weary of proving in vain
> That the beaver's lace-making was wrong,
> Fell asleep and in dreams saw the creature quite plain
> That his fancy had dwelt on so long.
> He dreamed that he stood in a shadowy court
> Where the Snark, with a glass in his eye,
> Dressed in gown, bands and wig was defending a pig
> On the charge of deserting its sty.

The Victorian culture of Carroll has been soured by the beastliness of a Fascist generation into the anarchy of a Marx film. But still they do both seem to be part of the same movement and the popularity of each is a matter of interest. The amusement that lies in pointless and motiveless pursuit lies at the bottom both of the Snark and the Marx Brothers, and pursuit in one form or another has been at the bottom of most good film work. We see it in Wild West films, in gangsters, in Charlie Chaplin, in René Clair, in Fairbanks, and many others. The Marx Brothers invented nothing new here; but they gave an old *motif* a new twist when they introduced the psychological disturbance that is caused by seeing something that is mad and aimless, like the activities of the Banderlog, or at any rate something which, if not utterly disconnected, depends for its connections on the workings of the unconscious. In trying to be as old as clowns and as new as *surréalistes*, the Marx Brothers have landed themselves with a problem they have never completely solved, though they have come nearer to solving it in *Horse Feathers* than in their other pictures; and perhaps if they will forget themselves, scrap most of the interlude on which they depend for their immediate response—in fact turn into a set of unpopular and self-conscious high-brows—they may really produce a work of art which is in tune with the sensibility of the age. And perhaps for the reasons suggested above, because of Lear, because of Carroll, they may eventually win both an artistic and a popular triumph—at any rate in England. FRANCIS BIRRELL.

An Apology

THE PROMENADES.

The criticism made by me on August 27th of Mr. Arthur Catterall was intended to apply solely to his performance of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto on the particular evening in question. It was incorrect of me to say that nobody had ever claimed that Mr. Catterall was a soloist of extraordinary ability. Certain phrases may be considered as an attack not only upon his general ability but upon his competence and sincerity and to accuse him of deceit and affectation. I unreservedly withdraw these suggestions and apologise to Mr. Catterall therefor.

W. J. TURNER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

New Season at the Old Vic

THE production of Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* on the opening nights of the season is an innovation for the "Home of Shakespeare." Mr. Williams gave full play to the Shakespearian construction, with plenty of use of curtains and moving steps, but the production was too conventional to get the best out of the play. It is good news that McKnight Kauffer's scenery for *Othello* has been given to the company, but it is hard to believe that apart from this good fortune talent is not at hand for less conservative and more effective settings and costumes. Some useful lessons might be learnt on the spot from ballet, of which more is to be given this season, including *The Lord of Burleigh* and *The Origin of Design*, by arrangement with the Camargo Society. There is promise of better co-ordination in the cast for plays. Miss Peggy Ashcroft sets a high standard and should be a great asset. Her Shavian Cleopatra is more than promising, and arouses great interest about the qualities of her Imogen, Portia and Rosalind later in the season. Mr. Malcolm Keen is a persuasive Cæsar, but the most useful acquisition to the company is Mr. Geoffrey Wincott who, as the God Ra, speaks the prologue in fine style and as Britannus makes that impossible character not only tolerable but highly diverting.

The Par-Americans.

Mr. Elmer Rice in *The Left Bank* at the Ambassadors Theatre has two or three problems which he fails to relate to each other. Should Americans live in Paris—in which city the left bank of the Seine is more lethal than the right? Should Americans live out of America? And should Americans (for even this problem is presented nationally) commit adultery with their friends' wives or husbands? The last question is answered definitely, if rather emotionally, as John Shelby would complain, in the negative. His spiritual home, he says, is Paris; his wife is tired of pretending not to be what she is, a good middle-class American; and their unfortunate son is left in England, experimentally, with a great expert in education. To them quarrelling, in a Montparnasse hotel bedroom, come old friends, Waldo and Susie Lynde—Susie wishes to be a Par-American, too. Waldo is what John calls a Babbitt, a moron, and a nit-wit. The subsequent confusion and controversy have, alas! a purely debating interest, for none of Mr. Rice's people have sufficient vitality or character to make us interested in their fates. Mr. Rice has chosen a Shaw subject and has tried to work it out in terms of Noel Coward—but he himself is too emotional, I think, to succeed in the brittle and brilliant Coward manner. We are left with his questions, to which the only answer is that it depends on the Americans concerned; and I cannot imagine that it matters for a moment where this bunch lives—right bank, left bank or under the river. Much of the acting is on a very high level—the best performances are certainly Martin Walker's as Waldo, Mary Grew's as Claire, and Margaret Moffat's as Lilian Garfield, John's "repressed" sister. Her playing had a rare and restrained perfection. Vernon Kelso did his best with John, a tiresome fool who hardly ever says a word that is not sensible; and it is Mr. Rice's fault that he failed to give the character any unity. John is too much of a magazine article to be made into flesh and blood.

Croydon Repertory

It is to be hoped that the Repertory Theatre recently opened in Croydon will be well supported. After several summer seasons given with increasing success at the Greyhound Theatre the movement has now acquired a permanent home. This was inaugurated on September 17th by the first production of Miss Dorothy Black's adaptation of Miss V. Sackville West's novel *The Edwardians*. Those who do not feel that dialogue is Miss West's strongest card will regret the loss of the cool beauty of her fastidious prose. Nevertheless, Miss Black has worked well, with theatrical acumen and a feeling for balance and proportion. No one will pretend that this is a "great" play—far from it—but it has definite entertainment value, and obviously pleased the audience. The limitations of a small stage and restricted equipment were satisfactorily overcome. With a weekly change of play there will be varied fare, including plays by Barrie, Milne, Ibsen, Galsworthy, Sheridan, and Aldous Huxley.

The Contemporary Art Society.

An exhibition of works by English painters, which the Society has recently acquired, is being held at Messrs. Tooth's. It provides a very useful survey of non-Academic activity during the last ten years, thus covering a period of interesting experiment. There is a monotony in many of the landscapes and still-lifes, constructed rather from science than emotion, but they represent a definite stage in the development of English art. The livelier and more refreshing part of the show is the latest in date, which is good augury for the future. It comes from Eve Kirk, Christopher Wood, Henry Moore and W. J. Steggles. It is to be hoped that the Society will not be too timid in its reliance on established reputations, but allow itself and the public the luxury of a little more adventure in its acquisitions. There can be no question of its very great value as a means of increasing the knowledge of contemporary work throughout the country.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Friday, September 30th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "The U.S.A. 1932," B.B.C., 7.30.

Sunday, October 2nd—
Father Verrier Elwin on "Gandhi," St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, 11; and at Friends' House, Tuesday, 1.20.
"The Brontës of Haworth," Charta.
Chamber Music weekly, Maurice Hall, Crowndale Road, 6.30.

Monday, October 3rd—
E. M. Forster on "New Books," B.B.C., 6.50.
"Crime on the Hill," Q.
Bach "Die Kunst der Fuge," London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Weisbach, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Wednesday, October 5th—
"Cold Blood," Duke of York's.
"Dizzy," Westminster.
New English Singers, Queen's Hall, 8.30.
Paintings by Jack Yeats, 13, Old Bond Street.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

BOOKS which one has eagerly awaited are apt to disappoint. No such deception is provided by the *Letters of D. H. Lawrence* (Heinemann, 21s.). These Letters, as Mr. Aldous Huxley says in his Introduction, are "beautiful and absorbingly interesting in themselves." Apart from this, they provide an explanation of Lawrence's life and character such as exceeds the most exacting requirements. Not only do they fortify admiration and illumine understanding: they create a mark upon the mind. Lawrence always leaves a scar—a scar upon our human complacency. Mr. Huxley, in his Introduction, explains the essentials. He states the character of Lawrence's genius, and how that genius impelled him to lead the life he did. He describes Lawrence in terms of the normal, almost of the ordinary: that is the correct approach. Other and less fastidious hands have fingered the soul of D. H. Lawrence, splitting it into psychological fibres, disintegrating a man whose whole purpose was integration. Mr. Huxley has made no such mistake. In his Introduction, as in Catherine Carswell's passionate monograph (withdrawn, alas, from circulation), we get nearer to Lawrence than we have ever been admitted before. We realise that he can be approached only with diffidence and with respect. We see that he was "different and superior in kind." We absorb his integrity. We echo his own complaint: "They do not *want* to understand."

* * *

The main barrier between Lawrence and the reading public is his constant preoccupation with sexual experience. This preoccupation, at moments, took extreme forms. It will be many years before the average reader is able to approach that side of Lawrence's work with the simplicity, the *innocence*, with which he approached it himself. "My great religion," he wrote," is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect." That is a hard doctrine, and those of us who have few mystical tendencies are disconcerted by the incessant intrusion of his birds, beasts and flowers. We see that he rejected the intelligence as he rejected the emotions, falling back on those elements in human nature which are most akin to the darkness of plant growth. Yet whereas it is not wholly stupid to be puzzled by his methods, it is ignorant and unfair to attribute them either to morbidity or to prurience. I recommend all those who hesitate to credit Lawrence with a highly spiritual intention, to read his admirable letter to Willard Johnson on page 556, as also his indignant disgust with Casanova on page 523. These are indeed important documents. Even more significant is his antipathy to the emotional lasciviousness of *Wilhelm Meister*. We may not possess sufficient sexual simplicity to approach such matters with Lawrence's own absence of sophistication. But the first lesson that these Letters teach us is that our hesitations, our "censor-moron," as he would say, are not necessarily more respectable than his own directness. We abide in rooms. He, with his pride and clearness of soul, lived in the open air. The first step towards understanding his attitude is to acquire complete confidence in his intention. The Letters give us that confidence. If only in this, they serve their purpose.

* * *

What was his intention? "There is a *principle*," he writes, "in the universe, towards which man turns religiously—a *life* of the universe itself. And the hero is he who touches and transmits the life of the universe." His deepest desire, therefore, was "pure unadulterated relationship with the universe, for truth in being." Here, again, is a hard yet evanescent doctrine, which we can scarcely hope to render vivid or permanent to ourselves. Yet that is not the point. The point is that for twenty years and more of adult life D. H. Lawrence kept this aim, this mission, this quest, constantly before himself. That is the second revelation given us by the Letters. A revelation of the amazing *continuity* of Lawrence's own theory. Much has been written about his "duality," about his "inner conflict." The Letters disclose that such discussions are concerned with means, not ends. There was certainly a conflict between his social and his asocial self. Towards the end of his life a further conflict appears to have developed between his consciousness and his instincts. The doctrine of "spontaneity" by then was wearing thin. He came to loathe personality, above all his own. But his search for "truth in being" continued unabated through those twenty years. He sought it in social activity, and that failed him. He sought it among a few fortuitously chosen friends, and they, with few exceptions, failed him also. He sought it in remote civilisations and obscure rites. They also provided no answer. His journeys to Ceylon, to Australia, to New Mexico were, as Mr. Huxley said, both "a search and an escape." And finally he sought it in his own instincts. Here again the answer was uncertain and blurred. Yet the point is that he never wavered in his search and never compromised. "Primarily," he wrote to Edward Garnett, "I am a passionately religious man." No one can read the Letters without being overwhelmingly convinced of the truth of that assertion.

* * *

Then there is his sanity, his poise. There is a tendency among certain critics, especially in Germany, to regard D. H. Lawrence as a neurotic. That foolish legend will, we trust, be killed by this publication. The whole correspondence of D. H. Lawrence pulsates with sanity, even in little things. "Don't you," he writes, "think it's nonsense when M. says that my world is not the ordinary man's world, and that I am a sort of animal with a sixth sense? . . . They all seem determined to make a freak of me—to save their own short-failings, and make them 'normal.'" Lawrence was obviously exceptional, even eccentric, but he was not a neurotic. There is about him a sane, if mobile, seriousness, a "nimble earnestness." "And don't," he wrote to Rolf Gardiner, "be too earnest, not over-burdened with a mission; neither too self-willed. One must be simple and direct and a bit free from oneself above all." Read also his advice to Katherine Mansfield on Jung, and his advice to Willard Johnson on intellectual pornography. Read also his invectives against "clever" conversation: "Never for one second an outgoing of feeling, and no reverence, not a crumb or grain of reverence. I cannot stand it. It is the horror of little swarming selves that I can't stand."

* * *

From this continuity of purpose, this balanced outlook, comes also his magnificent assurance. Naturally, Lawrence had many bees in his bonnet and they sometimes buzz. Yet he was able always to refer his moods to his own central *daimon*, he was always, even at moments when the superficial fluidity of his nature played him false, to find firm footing upon the consciousness of his own inherent integrity. "I *know*," he writes to Edward Garnett, "that I can write bigger stuff than any man in England. And I have to write what I can write. And I write for men like D. and H.—they will read me soon. My stuff is what they want when they know what they want. You wait." "I shall," he writes again, "get my reception, if not now, then before long." Such assurance has been more than justified. D. H. Lawrence was fortunate, perhaps, in not having survived his disciples. Only by the most sensitive can his refinement be understood. Yet in these simple unemphatic Letters even the most bourgeois among us can catch a gleam of something segregated, passionate, and tender. One cannot read this book and remain thereafter just the same.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

T. S. ELIOT THE CRITIC

Selected Essays, 1917-1932. By T. S. Eliot. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Eliot's volume of *Selected Essays*, just now published as he leaves us for America, represents in four hundred and fifty pages fifteen successive years of critical work. Here are essays from the early *Sacred Wood*, which first made its appearance in 1920; here, too, is a large part of *For Lancelot Andrewes*. The brilliant trilogy, entitled *Homage to John Dryden*, re-emerges next to the little book on Dante. *Thoughts after Lambeth* also recur. Two essays reproving Professor Babbitt, and generally setting about the neo-Humanists, are neighboured by a brief encomium on Marie Lloyd. A sympathetic portrait of Charles Whibley brings this various procession to a close.

The last choice was particularly apt. Mr. Eliot ends the survey of his own criticism by a study of a very different type of critic, precisely—even dramatically—opposed to himself. All that Whibley was not, Eliot is. All the qualities that the older critic possessed—and the modern writer is not behind-hand in appreciation; he pays a generous tribute to Whibley's talents—are qualities he himself has never displayed. How far this abstention has been deliberate is a problem both fascinating and hard to solve.

Whibley was a "man of the world" in literature. I do not suggest that Mr. Eliot's critical work shows any lack of worldly knowledge, but his knowledge is of a specialised and rarefied kind, accumulated by a special sort of experience. He is analytical rather than discursive. It is the peculiar strength of such critics as Charles Whibley that the enthusiasm they have derived from their private reading should be reflected on the surface of their critical style, and that they should charm us by a warmth of reflected enjoyment. Pleasure is made the basis of understanding, while analysis provides a subsidiary means of approach.

Enjoy, begs the critic, as I enjoy! True, every critic worth the title must have appreciated before he can expound; but then appreciation may assume conflicting guises. Whibley's appreciation of English literature was that of a cultivated and scholarly man of the world, an epicurean in the purest and oldest sense, *honnête homme*, like Saint Evremond or Sir William Temple. His prose has a Cyrenaic smoothness; and Mr. Eliot practises literature as a form of asceticism. Though we read his critical work for our own pleasure, we can't help feeling that it was often written from a sense of duty.

Not that he seems to toil against the grain. No reader of *Homage to John Dryden* and the Elizabethan essays in *The Sacred Wood* can doubt that he is capable of deep enjoyment and thinks pedagogy a poor substitute for true delight. He has said as much himself in the former study. My point is that, since puritan and epicure are both preoccupied in the last resort by the pursuit of happiness, Mr. Eliot has chosen the puritanical method. He analyses in order that we may enjoy; he sacrifices immediate charm to ultimate clarity.

And so one feature distinguishes all his criticism—an avoidance, carried to strict lengths, of what he considers vain and superfluous ornament. Let the critic, he implies, remain a critic. He has expressed his distrust of the common type of writer whose critical efforts are a secondary form of creation, a consolation-prize in the race he has failed to win. Hence a marked absence of phrases and redundant imagery. He never starts a campaign with a display of fireworks, never marches around a citadel to the blast of trumpets. It has become, one feels, a rigid code of honour to observe the courtesy of a scientific siege.

These preferences must be accepted by his readers: few phrases, no brilliant and lively discursions, a prose style intentionally cold and colourless which throws his subject into clear if chilly relief—a style, in short, consistently self-effacing. It is an impersonal style, and when prejudice emerges—as it is apt to do, even here, from time to time—and he speaks of the Arch-Fiend in *Paradise Lost* as "Milton's curly-headed Byronic hero," the effect is not infrequently a trifle awkward. Whether his rare phrases are awkward through want of interest, or whether he eschews them from lack of facility, we can only conjecture.

I mean facility of the pyrotechnic kind. At all events, they are unimportant in his critical essays where words for the sake of words seldom figure. Some writers begin by blindfolding us with verbal eloquence, lead us up a steep and difficult path, snatch off the bandage and show us the view. Eliot starts by removing the scales from our eyes. An operation for cataract is always painful; and many fellow critics confronted by an opening paragraph which states—oh, so simply and oh, so coldly! albeit with a certain underlying benevolence—that if they admire *this* they are not likely to admire *that* and had much better return to their false gods, have been known to snort indignantly in the surgeon's face and argue that they prefer their original dimness.

Mr. F. L. Lucas is one of these. Unfortunately, whereas critics of the type of Whibley are as uncommon as critics of the type of Eliot, Mr. Lucas belongs to a large school. He is the literary, or pseudo, "man of the world," who enjoys tremendously writing about literature—we men of the world know what is good!—but, although his cheerful enthusiasm is sometimes infectious, it never crystallises in a distinct point of view.

And a distinct point of view Eliot has. Mr. Lucas once arrayed against the critic some of his more startling literary judgments—that *Hamlet* is unsuccessful as a work of art, that Crashaw is a finer poet than Shelley—and asked us to draw our own conclusions. Well, we don't go to a critic for absolute truth; that is to say, we can't measure a critic's usefulness by totting up a balance-sheet of right and wrong.

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Literary excellence is comparative at the best of times; and, whatever may be our opinion of Crashaw's merits—and he had some merits which to Shelley were quite unknown—there is little doubt that, as expressed by Mr. Eliot, the contrast was provocative and stimulating.

The opinion was at least consistent with his attitude. To appreciate Mr. Eliot at his critical worth, it is not necessary to accept his every paragraph or regard him as the Rhadamanthus of Russell Square. One may regret, for example, his sponsorship of Lancelot Andrewes and consider that the Bishop's quaintly allusive pietism is inferior to the baroque eloquence of John Donne. One may even hold aloof from Mother Church. . . . The fact remains that, granted his point of view, Mr. Eliot cannot be charged with inconsistency. A cenobite in the waterless landscape of *The Waste Land*, he has now adapted himself to a more regular monastic life.

Objections, of course, can be raised. We are accustomed to envisage the perfect critic as a being suspended in the void—preferably in the void of mild agnosticism—who surveys the world with disabused detachment. We are offended by any touch of *parti pris*. True, all criticism enshrines some prejudice; but we hate to think that such prejudice as we may encounter is imposed on us by an orthodox religious system. Mr. Eliot is now essentially orthodox. As long as the point of view, to which I have referred, continues to assimilate these beliefs—they are foreshadowed even in *The Waste Land*—it seems impertinent to quarrel with private convictions. Puritanism is a dominant mode in English literature, and Mr. Eliot is a puritan of American ancestry.

It is a Puritan intelligence he brings to bear. Critics naturally less ascetic have proved less sensitive to the beauties of language and added less to our understanding of its spell. Mr. Eliot writes as a poet but not poetically. Looking through this volume of *Selected Essays*, it is very hard to find a chapter or a single line in which the desire to make an effect or round a paragraph predominates over a Spartan sense of fitness. No metaphor, flown with syllabic intoxication, breaks into the strenuous hush of the critic's dissecting-room.

There he labours, and on subjects very diverse. Mr. Eliot is not temperamentally expansive, but his interests are sympathetic and range wide. He treats of Swinburne as sensibly as of Andrew Marvell, of Blake, Jonson, Baudelaire and many others, always with an experienced and odd touch like an artist investigating a foreign studio. It is perhaps one of his greatest critical virtues that he should have done his best to redeem modern criticism from its tendency to slovenly picturesqueness. We may agree with him, or violently disagree. The austerity of his professional attitude commands respect.

PETER QUENNELL.

MR. MASEFIELD'S TROY

A Tale of Troy. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Heinemann. 5s.

Mr. Masefield's interest in the speaking of poetry is having a very definite influence on his manner of writing. He does not adopt the rolling, choric rhythms which Vachel Lindsay would use, often superbly, often, when the subject was inappropriate, with a disastrously over-rhetorical effect. Mr. Masefield has in mind a less popular, more solemn company of speakers, and also prefers a more prosaic conversational convention. Lindsay's convention was that of political propagandists making whoopee—the Poet Laureate remembers the lecture-room, and the schools. In this poem the tale of Troy, told briefly, is given to various speakers—the Poet, Klytaimnestra, a spearman, the son of Epeios who made the wooden horse, Sthenelus' daughter, Kassandra; and often Mr. Masefield produces too flat an effect, an effect that borders on the absurd. Neither Homer's nor the tragedians' Klytaimnestra could speak like this:

> I sent my darling Daughter away to Aulis,
> It was all a lie of the King's, from end to end.

The blank verse of the Trojans' speeches, as they discuss the fate of the horse, also lapses into mere metrical prose:

> Another said: "We cannot understand
> Why anyone should bring an Argive image
> Into this city. We have suffered much
> Since the first Argive image entered Troy."

Far better are the simple ballad lines with which the poem opens, and much of the narrative verse, in the description of the making of the horse and his entry into the temple of Apollo at Troy has a swift and simple beauty. Most lovers of the Trojan legend will, however, find the poem too quiet, too decoratively simple. Mr. Masefield rarely attempts to move us to horror, as Mr. Robinson Jeffers can move us with his wild handling of the old Greek legend; nor does he evoke any Helen who can be thought of as the cause of that secular struggle which for centuries has captured the imagination of the poets. Only when Kassandra speaks is the flame lit, and the ancient smoke of that old war still strong:

> And Apollo will come into Troy at sunrise
> To claim his Horse and ride: I see him riding
> Bright, bright, bright, through the city . . .
> O so bright . . .
> Bright as pure gold: I see him riding here,
> Brighter than gold, like something in a flame . . .
> Yes, he will ride like fire, bright fire in Troy,
> And, yes, the fire will redden as red as blood,
> These ways, these walls, these towers, will glow like sunset,
> A ruby of red, an ember, all heart's blood spilt.
> And roaring fire will raven and lightnings sear.
> His sword will bring bright death upon all of Troy;
> O joy, joy, joy, when Apollo rides the ways.

That in spite of occasional weaknesses (such as "like something in a flame") has a dramatic quality, and an appropriate rhetoric. In much of his verse Mr. Masefield seems to be thinking not of the heroes of whom he is writing and their heroic deeds, but of those who are to speak his lines. The result is a timidity of approach and an uncertainty in the handling of the great legend.

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Cheerful Weather for the Wedding. By JULIA STRACHEY. Hogarth Press. 5s.

The Heartless Land. By JAMES STERN. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

The Best Short Stories of 1932. English. Edited by E. J. O'BRIEN. Cope. 7s. 6d.

Cold Comfort Farm. By STELLA GIBBONS. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

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The fascination of Mr. Bullett's art lies in his power to show us people not thinking, nor acting, nor, thank God! analysing, but in that state of pregnant dreaming wherein our poor humanity snatches at the reality so obscured by the drab deceitfulness of daily life. Herein his work is of far more importance than the large and pretentious pieces of more esteemed and more self-esteemed authors. Here is no hearty claim to normality—the one abnormal thing in life; here is a frank recognition of the quirks, the fancies, the sick nightmares and the sweet health-giving dreams in which men shyly and certainly find truth and safety. A boy, his head full of Marlowe's Helen, meets Helen and in the power of that evoked beauty sees a strange future; a man and a woman, led to a desolate inn in a deserted village by an old man, listen to the horror that kills love; three men alone together in a house fear something supernatural, yet suspect one another of trickery, so that one nurses himself into craziness; Mr. Tangent, watching a mouse, unexpectedly speaks the words that turn her into a lovely girl, and at the end is left looking again at the mouse. Even in his more realistic stories, as that of the old gentleman who escapes certification as a lunatic, Mr. Bullett's work has a pleasantly strange quality. He is not to be deceived by face

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values, and he can, when one reads him, save his readers from that most dreary and degrading of deceptions. Yet his work is never self-consciously fantastic—he does not begin his dreams with a "let's pretend" catchword. Miss Townsend Warner, in her best work as good as Mr. Bullett, is not always quite free from that fault. Her subjects are less fanciful than his; but her approach to her people is occasionally rather archly visionary. There is in her work, especially when she is playing the disciple to Mr. T. F. Powys, a certain self-induced quaintness. This spoils the simplicity of such stories as *Early One Morning* and *The Maze*, and it is occasionally present in one of the best stories in the book, *The Salutation*. Still the tale of how Angustias Bailey, remembering her dead English husband, insists on sheltering the wandering Englishman is a fine piece of work, and is only just excelled by that fine study in mad justice, *Elinor Barley*. Miss Warner has exceptional gifts in the handling of uneasy subjects; there is suspense in *The Son* and *The Maze*, while there is rich, proper country humour in the laughter of *This Our Brother* and *A Parting Gift*, a delightful tale of the downfall of a would-be Don Juan.

A German Idyll is one of the tenderest, loveliest things Mr. Bates has written. He still has a slight tendency to flatten his style suddenly; a phrase awkwardly or sadly put will spoil a passage of lyrical beauty, but in this story he has done his best. It is a simple tale. Richardson goes to Germany, to Rhineland, with Karl, a London bookseller who has not been back for twenty years. They reach his village, Iben, are greeted tumultuously, and with much feasting, and they leave again. One girl, Anna, is fascinated by Richardson, who has no German but Ja, Ja. A kiss in the dark; another kiss or two and a walk in the forest; a vain effort of Anna's to tell Richardson she will not be able to see him off, as she has a music lesson; his bitter disappointment when she is absent at the end. Out of these slightnesses Mr. Bates has made a thing of quivering loveliness, a tale instinct with that German sentiment that has so natural and earth-bound a gaiety. This book, and Mr. Coppard's volume, are also splendid pieces of book-production, as fine as any the Golden Cockerel Press has done. Mr. Gibbings's title-page to *Crotty Shankwin* is a perfect delight. Mr. Coppard's stories are good Coppard, but not quite the best. The fantasticality of *Crotty Shankwin*, in which the anchor gets on to the church-steeple, is a shade too deliberate; and excellently drawn as is Fossett, in *The Beauty Spot*, the tale itself is rather too long. Fossett, who says truthfully of himself, "I've plenty to think about, but I can't always manage to think about it at the right moment," is deserted by his wife. Mr. Coppard gives us his dreams and his talks with his vulgar crony, Barnes—and here he is at his best; when he somehow disappoints us rather is in the climax when Fossett and Eliza meet again. The situation demands then an imaginative treatment which Mr. Coppard could give, but seems too shy to do. The manner of Miss Compton-Rickett is a dangerous one even in her own skilful and sophisticated hands; it tends too easily to become the manner of *The Young Visiters*, and Miss Strachey, in her entertaining little description of a wedding-party, by no means escapes the danger. Her naïveté has not quite acquired the death-dealing precision of Miss Compton-Ricketts, and she has not that author's appearance of complete innocence in the devastating exposure of human frailty and stupidity. Shyness creeps in, and a shade of affectation—this is especially evident in the drawing of Dolly, the bride, and Joseph, the guest who thinks himself in love with her. There is plenty of fun in the book, of a rather wry-lipped kind, especially in the recurrent quarrels between Tom and his brother Robert, about Robert's green socks.

> Tom . . . went over and joined his younger brother behind the sofa upon which Kitty and Owen were sitting. And these two soon heard an angry whispering behind them. "Robert! I beg you—I implore you!—I ask you for one moment to imagine something! Will you, Robert? Listen. You are kneeling there in the church, Robert! The ceremony is in full swing: the clergyman is praying, the church is full of flowers, everybody, *everybody*, is as smartly dressed as they can be, Robert. All of a sudden you glance up! You see a man from Rugby staring at you from across the aisle! He has a curious smile on his face, Robert. And he is staring. Staring. *Down at your socks*—" There was a violent scuffle behind the sofa and Robert dashed suddenly through into the drawing-room. Tom followed upon his heels, colliding with Mrs. Thatcham as he rounded the corner.

The difficulty of such a manner as Miss Strachey's is that its intense economy of comment leaves the story with more than a suspicion of parody; and often the reader is left wondering whether the author is quite aware of some of the effects obtained.

In *The Heartless Land* Mr. Stern makes, though without any apparently propagandist method, a violent attack on the life forced upon English people in Rhodesia. He is at times a little brutal in his manner—both the character and incidents in *The Force*, a tale of a man's sexual hunger, are rather too typical; and the satire in *Charles Congreve, Esquire*, is effective rather than delicate. But how effective it is! Congreve living in a snobbish seclusion (he has left England after marrying a parlour-maid he seduced), lording it over the few other white people, rejoicing in making them socially uncomfortable and impressed as he was once made uneasy at home. Mr. Stern presents his picture boldly, savagely and with a finely uncontrolled indignation. The eight stories in his book have exceptional force, and are written without affectation and not unbeautifully: they are the best work about Africa we have had since Mr. Plomer's short stories. Mr. O'Brien's anthology is exceptionally good this year. Those who read the more enterprising magazines for their short stories will recognise several old friends—Miss Eiluned Lewis' *The Last Rose of Summer*, Mr. Graham Greene's *The End of the Party*, Mr. Pritchett's *Woolly Gloves*, Mr. Shanks' *The Fairy Hill* and Mr. John Collier's *Green Thoughts* are perhaps the pick of an extremely good choice.

The two novels in our list both show what a pity it is that the modern commercial demand is still set against the short story. Miss Gibbons' book is great fun; but it would have been greater had it been about a third of its length. It is a parody-novel—Miss Kaye-Smith, Mr. T. F. Powys, Mrs. Dudeney are all guyed merrily in the comic romance of Flora among the Starkadders. The Starkadders take in Cousin Flora, at her request, and she promptly proceeds to reform Cold Comfort Farm. She has the curtains cleaned, she tackles her relatives one by one, she lets the bull out, she takes her fairy-like cousin in hand and turns her into a society girl, she finally dares and reforms Aunt Ada Doom, who, when she was a little thing, "saw something ugly in the wood shed." Much of the parody is admirable; but Flora's own story seems unnecessary, and is rather commonplace. Mr. Waugh has the nicest way of dealing with nasty things. In this book his debt to Saki is more evident than before. Basil is a close relative of the great Clovis. The scene of the book moves from Basil's London to the Emperor Seth's Azania. Seth has been at Oxford with Basil, and Basil, hearing that his old acquaintance has become Emperor, borrows money from his mistress, steals a bracelet of his mother's and goes to Azania to modernise that country. So far the book is amusing; but Mr. Waugh's spirits seem to flag when he gets Basil out, though his accounts of life at the British Legation have a gay futility that almost equals Saki's best. The end with its tragedy and the cannibal feast rather turns the stomach. No doubt the idle rich are cannibals; but Mr. Waugh's way of symbolising that fact is rather too unpleasant.

INDIA.

India in 1930-31. Government of India Publication. Rs. 3.

Years of Destiny. India 1926-32. By J. COATMAN. Cape. 10s. 6d.

The Indian Riddle. By J. COATMAN. Humphrey Toulmin. 2s. 6d.

Some Aspects of the Indian Problem. The Inaugural Massey Lecture. By LORD IRWIN. Oxford University Press. 1s.

The Indian Peasant. By the MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW. Faber and Faber. 1s.

Truth About India. By VERRIER ELWIN. Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d.

If there was really safety in the multitude of counsellors, India's future need cause little anxiety. The last five years must have seen nearly as many new books about Indian political questions as the preceding half century. Most of them have been, alas, sorry stuff, concentrating attention on the most superficial aspects of an extremely complicated situation. These six books form a valuable antidote to the popular habit of dramatising politics. The first five are thoughtful well-balanced works, illustrating the quiet determination to push on with the work of forming a responsible Federal government, which is so apparent in Lord Irwin's lecture. They make Father Elwin's naive and entirely uncritical defence of the Congress seem ridiculous, but the *Truth About India* illustrates, better than any critic can, the

The Fabian Society

Kingsway Hall LECTURES

Autumn, 1932

THE Autumn course of lectures will be held this year in the Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, Holborn, on six successive Thursday evenings, beginning on Thursday, October 20th, at 8.30. The general title of the course will be "Where Stands Socialism To-Day?" The dates, subjects and lectures arranged are as follows:—

I. Thursday, 20th October. "THE LESSON OF 1931."
Chairman: MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE.
Lecturer: PROFESSOR H. J. LASKI.

II. Thursday, 27th October. "PARLIAMENTARY INSTITUTIONS AND THE TRANSITION TO SOCIALISM."
Chairman: THE RT. HON. WEDGWOOD BENN.
Lecturer: THE HON. SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C., M.P.

III. Thursday, 3rd November. "FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS IN THE TRANSITION."
Chairman: THE RT. HON. HERBERT MORRISON, L.C.C.
Lecturer: MR. HUGH DALTON, D.Sc.

IV. Thursday, 10th November. "INDUSTRY IN THE TRANSITION TO SOCIALISM."
Chairman: MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE.
Lecturer: MR. A. L. ROWSE.

V. Thursday, 17th November. "FROM INTERNATIONAL ANARCHY TO CIVILISATION."
Chairman: MAJOR C. R. ATTLEE, M.P.
Lecturer: PROFESSOR C. DELISLE BURNS.

VI. Thursday, 24th November. "IN PRAISE OF GUY FAWKES."
Chairman: THE EARL OF LISTOWEL.
Lecturer: MR. BERNARD SHAW.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 10th, 1932, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls and front rows of gallery is one guinea for the course of six, or five shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and gallery seats, twelve shillings for the course, or three shillings for a single lecture; for numbered upper gallery and back rows of stalls, six shillings for the course, or one shilling and sixpence for a single lecture.

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HAYDN (1732-1932) By Rev. J. Lambkin
THE SOCIOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF MEDICO-MORAL PROBLEMS By Rev. A. O'Connor
JEWS, CONVERSOS, AND THE BLOOD ACCUSATION IN FIFTEENTH CENTURY SPAIN By Dr. Cecil Roth
A REPLY TO DR. CECIL ROTH By W. T. Walsh
CORNELIUS O'DEVANY (1533-1612) By O. M. Twigg
THE VALUES OF CONTEMPORARY APOLOGETICS: A Symposium
(1) By Montgomery Belgion
(2) By The Editor
SOME HANDICAPS OF THE CHURCH By Lord Rankeillour

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lamentable confusion of thought which results from the theatrical manner in which the Congress likes to carry on its propaganda, and present its case to the world.

India in 1930–31 may take pride of place, because it teaches a valuable lesson, besides supplying in its 750 pages a mass of useful information. It is an official publication, but, ever since this yearly survey has ceased to beg a question by referring in its title to "moral and material progress," it has combined studied impartiality with considerable freedom of speech. Mr. Stephens, the new Director of Information, has in this respect carried on a tradition begun by Professor Rushbrook Williams, and continued by Professor Coatman, when they held that position. The book covers the most active period of civil disobedience, but it conjures up the picture of a vast machine which has continued to function, and has been little affected by the vagaries of politicians. "Criminal and civil courts successfully dispensed justice; revenue was collected satisfactorily in all but a few restricted areas; life in rural India remained generally speaking as usual . . . the workings of the railways, posts and telegraphs, and the multitudinous other activities of Government were maintained as before." The civil disobedience movement showed itself in a number of riots, some of which as at Cawnpore developed into communal struggles, and in a few acts of terrorism, but the army and the police remained almost entirely unaffected. If one could accept the old-fashioned view that the main duty of a Government is to preserve peace and enforce contracts, the Government of India could claim that it has done its work well and cheaply.

This point should be appreciated even by those who fully recognise the need for a change. Mr. Stephens is justified in pointing out that the defence of India, a country with one very dangerous frontier, and with great possibilities of internal conflict between communities and between Princes, is only expensive when compared with the income of an Indian peasant. The United States, with a third of the population of India, with land frontiers in no ways liable to violation and no likelihood of communal disturbances, spends over four times as much upon her defence forces, £172,000,000 as against £39,000,000. The real justification of those who wish to give India responsible government is not that it will mean winding up either the army or the police force. They are two of India's most valuable assets, which could be destroyed in six months, and would take a generation to rebuild. The best justification for Lord Irwin's policy is contained in a sentence which he quotes very effectively in his lecture. It was written a hundred years ago by Sir Thomas Munro, the Governor of Madras. "The improvement of the character of a people, and the keeping of them at the same time in the lowest state of dependence on foreign rulers to which they can be reduced by conquest, are matters quite incompatible with one another."

The other great argument in favour of a rapid transfer of responsibility can be drawn incidentally from the official survey, and also from Lord Linlithgow's well-written pamphlet. The Government of India has lost both the will and the ability to initiate reforms, especially in the economic sphere. India, during the last ten years, has had to absorb another thirty-six million people. Her few outlets for emigration have been stopped, there would, in fact, seem to be more repatriation than emigration. The country is "full up and fed up," and sometime in the next generation there will have to be a complete overhauling of its social and religious ideas, especially those parts of the Hindu system which lead to inefficiency, the attitude towards cattle, the number of religious mendicants, the expense of marriages and funerals, the lack of incentive due to the caste system and also to joint families, the innumerable ways in which Hinduism needs a strong reformist movement. It is clear that nothing of this kind will occur under present conditions, and the only hope seems to be to relieve India from the stutifying effect of a thwarted nationalist movement.

The difficulties involved in this transfer are very well described in Professor Coatman's two books. Both are sensible and extremely well-informed. *Years of Destiny*, which is the more important, ends in the extremely pessimistic mood of one who has watched the careful constructive work of Lord Irwin, and seen so much of it dissipated by a change of personnel at Delhi and Whitehall. There have been so many frankly propagandist accounts of the last six years that this clear summary of events is very welcome. Professor Coatman has made full use of the intimate knowledge of the Central Legislature which he acquired as Government "Whip." Two criticisms which suggest themselves are that he has ascribed too much importance to what occurred in the legislature compared with the country as a whole. The Central Legislature is little more than a *Schauspiel*, and the antics of Mr. V. J. Patel as Speaker were of less moment than the activities of his brother in Gujerat, and as President of the Congress. Professor Coatman also seems unduly pessimistic about a Government decision on the communal question. The reviewer's impression has always been that both Hindu and Moslem leaders were longing for a settlement which would be imposed upon them, and which they could then accept under protest, and thus "save face." Mr. Gandhi's latest move has drawn attention from the fact that this has actually happened.

Professor Coatman's books are an indirect tribute to the patience and breadth of vision displayed by Lord Irwin. Father Elwin's book will help Englishmen to understand how much these were needed. In a year when the Karachi Congress with Mr. Gandhi present deliberately encouraged the Bhagat Singh cult, when every Congress paper, the Calcutta municipality and the acknowledged Congress leaders in Bengal all united to honour convicted and confessed murderers, Father Elwin can talk about the "whole weight of Congress influence being thrown into the scales against terrorism." But to the European or American supporter of the Congress Mr. Gandhi is infallible, and always speaks *ex cathedra*, however he may contradict himself. Is it too brutal to suggest that Mr. Gandhi, the world prophet, is as much a product of Congress publicity as Mr. MacDonald, the statesman, and Viscount Snowden, the financial oracle, were products of Labour Party propaganda? In these democratic days leaders have to be pushed before the curtain, but they are often an infernal nuisance. G. T. GARRATT.

THE HEBREW RELIGION

Israel. By ADOLPHE LODS. Translated by S. H. HOOKE. Kegan Paul. 25s.

It is to Israel that we owe many of our loftiest conceptions of divinity and morality. The world has not yet advanced much further than Isaiah and Micah; "to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God" is a sufficiently high ideal for most of us. The still higher Christian ideals are, from one aspect, merely developments of the Israelite religion. And yet, when we look closely into the history of that religion, we see that in its early states it differed in nothing from the most barbarous cults of which we have knowledge. Yahweh was exactly like Chemosh or Moloch: a savage god delighting in the "herem," smelling the sweet savour of human sacrifices, rejecting a king for sparing a defeated enemy, revealing his will by rustling in trees, luring his own armies to destruction by putting a lying spirit into the mouth of his prophets. At best he is an Oriental Sultan walking in the garden in the cool of the day. At greatest, his rule does not extend beyond Dan and Beersheba; and David, when banished from Israel, has to "serve other gods." In Sheol he has no dominion, and in the grave no one thanks him.

No study, then, can well be more important than that which traces the development of this religion, and marks the slow transformation of Yahweh into the "Our Father" of Jesus: a transformation due to the labours of some of the most astonishing religious geniuses the world has seen. No exact date, of course, can be given for this mighty metamorphosis; but the revolution seems to have moved most speedily about the middle of the eighth century, and is—for us—associated with three great names, Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah.

In this really splendid book Professor Lods tells the story of Israel down to this revolutionary date, and the work is, as might be expected, immensely learned, thorough, and fascinating. Though every week is adding something to the details of our knowledge, Professor Lods is so judicial and comprehensive that his book will hardly be superseded for many years. It is admirably translated by Professor Hooke of London University.

The general theme may be—most inadequately—summed up as follows. Israel was a band of Bedouin tribes which, in true Bedouin fashion, burst in upon a loose congeries of more civilised peoples, and obtained a footing among them. Though the Canaanites could not dislodge them, they could conquer them in their turn, as Greece led captive its captor. From the Canaanites the Hebrews learnt the arts of agriculture and of city-life, as well as many of their vices and their modes of worship. But they had brought with them their own Kenite god, and they never quite forgot the ideals of their nomad sojournings

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Amid the closest fusion there remained a feud between the old and the new. The "true-born" Israelite despised the trading Canaanite, and looked back longingly to the simplicity of the desert. Even in the cultured days of the Omri dynasty a Jonadab turned away with scorn from Ahab's ivory palace and pitched his tent without the gates. Something of the Arab remained in the Ephraimite, even after he had settled in Samaria and accepted kings instead of sheikhs.

But there was another cause of feud. To the politician, who saw that Israel was "between the pass and fell incensed points of mighty opposites," on the high road from Egypt to Assyria, alliances were essential, and alliances meant compromise. The help of Phœnicia could be gained only by admitting the Phœnician Baal. To the conservative this was anathema, and the result was a revolt ending in the bloody destruction of the whole royal family. This was a terrible manifestation of the old Yahweh, and against it the new prophets set their faces as firmly as against the very sins which it had purported to punish.

Then came the fatal moment at which one of the "mighty opposites" asserted its supremacy. Assyria became powerful, and Samaria fell. It was while this doom was impending over the nation that the great prophets arose, who proclaimed the sublime truth that Yahweh's dominion, as it was universal, could not be temporal, but must be spiritual. To Asshur might be left war, and momentary military triumphs to the no-gods of the heathen: Yahweh would retain an undying rule in the pure heart and humble mind. As for the externals of religion—the Asherim of the Canaanite and the golden bulls of the Israelite—they were alike nothing. Oblations were vain, and incense an abomination: new moons and appointed feasts Yahweh hated. There had been no sacrifices in the wilderness, and there must be none now.

For the history of the strange and portentous future which awaited this prophetism we look forward with eagerness to another volume from Professor Lods.

E. E. KELLETT.

LIQUIDATING ILLITERACY

The Biological Tragedy of Woman. By ANTON NEMILOV. Translated by STEPHANIE OFENTAL. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

The Sexual Side of Marriage. By M. J. EXNER, M.D. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

Whilst books on some aspects of the relations between the sexes, poetic, romantic, dramatic or sociological, still constitute the major part of all literature, those on the more fundamental biological and psychological aspects of the natural intercourse between men and women have been restricted in number and appeal, forbidden by the authorities to non-medical readers, banned by governments, councils, and circulating libraries, persecuted, prosecuted and condemned as wicked or unworthy, or simply avoided as shameful by respectable people. We have recently made an advance in civilisation. The old magical fear of sexual knowledge has been publicly condemned. The Archbishop of Canterbury calls for free discussion. The Lambeth conference of bishops thinks there should be special preparation for marriage in matters of sex. Dignitaries of the Presbyterian Church, the Churches of Christ in America, the Y.M.C.A., and like authorities in great number and variety, agree to encourage discussion openly and plainly in popular terms of a common human function, the traditional English name for which nevertheless still remains charged with primitive magic and claims the dignity of police protection lest it be taken in vain.

Recent scientific research has confirmed the suspicion, entertained formerly by a small minority, that the successful performance of sexual functions is not, as was formerly supposed, the result of the operation of a series of simple reflexes, but is highly conditioned by knowledge and experience and is liable to be seriously inhibited by ignorance, fear, or over scrupulousness and a variety of other causes with baneful results out of all apparent proportion. Dr. Exner has made skilful use of the researches of such recent writers as Van de Velde, Katharine Davis, and Hamilton and Beam, well known to medical men and social biologists but not easily accessible to the general reader looking for information, to show the causes and remedies of ill judgment, psychological and physical, in the sexual life. In addition, some lucid chapters on the elementary anatomy and physiology of sex illustrated by a few clear diagrams make up a useful little handbook to the more intimate practice of marriage.

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A similar aim inspires Anton Nemilov. Like a good son of the Soviet, he has set himself the task of "liquidating sexual illiteracy" and explaining woman to his readers as a respectable dialectical materialist should, "from the Marxian and revolutionary approach." Scientifically his book is more sophisticated and more interesting than Dr. Exner's, which may not necessarily be a recommendation in a popular book. It is also more romantic, which is an irrelevancy in a scientific work. In this he is as bourgeois as the pre-revolutionary Russian writers, who all seemed to take just that tragic view of life that inspired an American satirist to write *The Memoirs of Marie Mushenough*. If you are a woman and want to be a man no doubt it is a tragedy. Think of the awful tragedy of the hippo that wants to be an ibex!

SHORTER NOTICES

Bird Haunts in Wild Britain. By R. N. WINNALL and G. K. YEATES. Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.

The title of this book is a little misleading: the Berkshire Downs, the Adur in Sussex and the country round Oxford are, luckily for the bird-lover, civilised and easily accessible, although parts of Scotland are "wild." The authors' hope that other bird-lovers will be interested in this book should be fulfilled, for their descriptions of the habits and appearance of the various birds are always worth reading even if nothing new is learned. There are nine chapters dealing with birds to be found in certain types of country; and a fair number of species are included. As a rule the opinions expressed are cautious and moderate, but the territory of the Stone Curlew is somewhat arbitrarily defined (the bird is also to be found breeding on the Hampshire "highlands" and in other districts). The photographs are not up to the standard that might be expected from a book of this genre. The subjects are often better than the execution, but whether the poor quality is due to inaccurate focusing, wrong exposure or to bad reproduction is hard to determine.

Between Sun and Moon. By AGNES MURE MACKENZIE. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Between Sun and Moon is a book about real conflicts, in religion and love and loyalty, fought by people in whom we recognise our common humanity, even though after two hundred years they have become rather faint as individuals. The book is unequal. It begins with the escape of seven Highlanders from Scotland to France after the '45 rising. The atmosphere of suspense and suspicion in which the fugitives lived and its different effect on each of them is admirably conveyed. It is an enthralling story and the telling is concrete, direct and beautiful. So it is rather a shock to find, at the end of chapter four, that we shall never meet six of the seven again. Only the story of Eneas Mackenzie is continued, and we are plunged into a different world and introduced to a new set of characters. Eneas goes to Tours to live with his French kinsmen, becomes tutor to Lucien de Trévandre, and falls in love with Lucien's step-mother, Adrienne, whose consciousness of her religious vocation is at war with her love for her husband. The description of the Trévandre household is a poet's description; it has a rare and memorable beauty. In these chapters the action is all in the minds of the characters, and the calamitous end strikes a harsh note. The last chapter takes us back to Scotland, and again the connection is not sufficiently emphasised. But Miss Mackenzie need not apologise because her hero is not "able to be the kind at present in fashion," for this is a book which will be lovingly remembered for its rare distinctions and nobility.

The Two Thieves. By T. F. POWYS. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

The Two Thieves is by far the best of the three stories in this volume. It has the splendid colour, the clear tormented outline, the deeply bitter shadows of Mr. Powys's allegorical work. It is true it suffers at times from his unfortunate tendency to self-parody; and formally he hesitates too much between allegory and symbol. George Douse is Mr. Powys's rendering of Bunyan's Mr. Badman; but while in reading of him we move in a world of allegory, we find that John Roe and Tinker Jar drift uneasily into a less-patterned world. The violence of Mr. Powys's imagination works with a restrained passion that makes many incidents in this story poignantly terrible and unforgettable; unfortunately, in the other tales he loses control of himself, and this fantasticality of his work becomes farcical. Remote altogether as they are in intention and workmanship, Mr. Powys's fables suffer from the same flaw that completely robs the Marquis de Sade's work of effectiveness. At first Mr. Powys shocks us, then he stuns us, and finally by repetition and extravagance he succeeds in robbing us of all sensation. He should remember his own words "that, because boredom is in the world, unless something new is attempted each day, even Cruelty may tire of her frolics." And how we can tire of the description of wickedness!

Lemon Verbena. By E. V. LUCAS, Methuen. 6s.

Mr. Lucas has here made a more than usually fascinating selection from recent essays. There is one of particular excellence—*The Last to Call Him Charley*—on Randel Norris; there are pleasant diversions in dialogue; a capital paper on Topical Prints; one or two essays on places and pictures; character sketches and, as is almost invariable with Mr. Lucas, there is often a dog just round the corner. A very good book for desultory reading—only once one begins in it, it is hard not to go on and see how varied Mr. Lucas can be.

The Elegant Woman from the Rococo Period to Modern Times. By G. ARETZ. Harrop. 18s.

An odd title! Frail, fornicating, adulterous, fashion-mad, extravagant, lovely, expensive—not unfortunate (that epithet should be reserved for the men who kept them) and not elegant, for that implies a quality of taste which scarcely one of the notorious females so lavishly praised herein ever possessed. The book is an odd mixture of scandal and fashion talk, detailed with a solemnity admirably Teutonic. The author and her translator—Mr. James Laver—have a devout interest in clothes and cupidity which has too little irony in its presentation to prevent this record, mostly of famous courtesans, from being boring. What makes the book magnificent is the wonderful series of beautifully produced illustrations, often dashingly irrelevant, but always welcome. There are sixty-three of them; and they are well worth the eighteen shillings asked for the volume.

The Bride's Book. By TWO LADIES OF ENGLAND. Howe. 10s. 6d.

A perfectly practical book, with pleasantly mocking illustrations, and interspersed with literary extracts that have not always been chosen with complete gravity. The authors are delightfully preoccupied with trifles as well as with weightier matters; and they see the bride well established in her home, decently furnished from kitchen to attic. It is, however, primarily a book about weddings and social life, not about marriage and real life. All bachelors should read it.

Three Essays. By THOMAS MANN. Secker. 7s. 6d.

Of these essays, that on Frederic the Great belongs to 1914, that on an experience at a séance to 1923, and the longest and most important, Goethe and Tolstoy, to 1922. They have the distinction and quiet authority, supported by a very attractive persuasiveness, that mark Thomas Mann's writing. The essay comparing Tolstoy and Goethe is a bold and original piece of work, though a non-German reader may be disappointed at Mann's apparent failure to recognise how much more completely Tolstoy achieved his aim as an artist than did Goethe his. The essay on Frederic is a subtle, deft piece of interpretative criticism: it makes intelligible and not at all fantastic the Frederic who was Voltaire's friend. It is a novelist's study, unsparing and understanding.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE Brandenburg String Concerto is so simple in construction and so tuneful that it can be easily memorised. It is thus a fit subject for the noiseless humming and ecstatic smiles of recognition of concert audiences. It seems a pity to take advantage of this. Why should an orchestra play Bach as if asking, "Do you remember this bit?" Of course I do, and I want to hear it played with care, not as if the orchestra were joyously running it over before beginning the real concert. That, I am afraid, is what the new recording by the British Symphony Orchestra (Columbia LX173) sounds like to me. The playing sounds blurred, and final phrases are irritatingly slowed down. I prefer the rendering recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

I also prefer their rendering of Berlioz' *Carnaval Romain*, although it is a good recording that has now been done by the Hallé Orchestra (Columbia LX172). The Hallé Orchestra plays as if it were alive individually, and it is given full scope in Berlioz, whose work shows strong dramatic quality.

There is no reason why orchestral works should sound more blurred than chamber music, though many orchestras seem to think that playing together means playing as one man. In a quartet each part is heard as separately as if one were looking at the score for the first time. Each note in a chord has value of its own, and a chord is not just a harmony of notes. It is each note plus the sound of each with every other note—if that suggests a mathematical formula rather than music, perhaps it is so much the better. Continental orchestras usually play as if they realised this. Each part is played distinctly and in harmony. It seems to me that the best rendering of any work is that which gives full value to individual playing as well as complete orchestral unity.

Take the new recording of the overture to *Der Rosenkavalier* (H.M.V., C2294/5). This is not a great work and Strauss's repetition of effects is sometimes wearisome; but the definite, almost harsh,

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THE GREATER BRITAIN

by

OSWALD MOSLEY

What Fascism will mean in Britain

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nsistence with which the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra play each phrase makes these records more interesting than those of music in itself infinitely better.

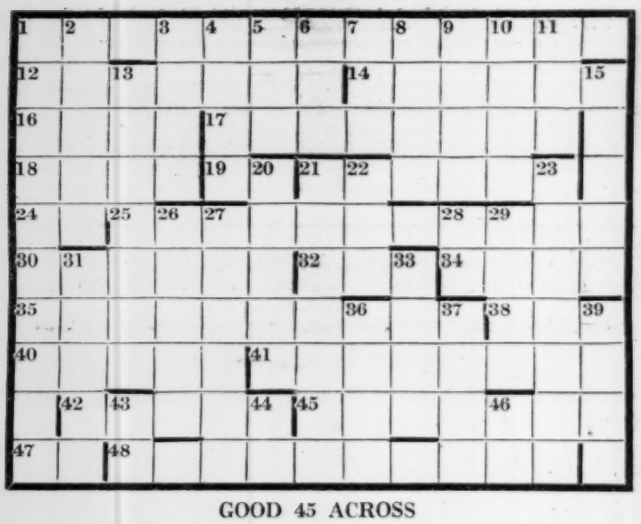
The cream of this month's records is the new Schnabel, who with the London Symphony Orchestra has done Beethoven's Concerto No. 1 in C Major (H.M.V., DB1690/4). I know this journal is always saying nice things about Schnabel. It cannot be helped—they are all true. And this concerto I find even more attractive than the recording of the Emperor.

There is also a very nice Mozart Sonata in C Major, played by Harriet Cohen (Columbia, DX375/6), but the recording is rather uneven. The *piano* passages sound a little niggardly and the *forte* passages as if shot from a gun. This is much less obvious in the fourth movement.

In the E.M.G. Foreign List there is another recording from the third act of *Siggfried*, with the Covent Garden Opera Orchestra conducted by Heger. Technically this is a fine record, as is another E.M.G. Foreign List record of Yehudi Menuhin with orchestra conducted by Enesco, playing a Mozart Violin Concerto. This is played with exceptional clarity, and the fast, even tempo is very pleasing. A.

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



GOOD 45 ACROSS

ACROSS.

1. Geneva's activities, for instance.
12. Roll well known in the Army.
14. Mr. Dubedat.
16. This 17.
17. See 16.
18. Volcano before turning round.
19. Hero of a famous elopement.
21. Xenophon's army might have been so described.
24. Beginning of Christianity
25. Human talkie.
30. Unsuccessful aviator.
32. Returned Bourbon.
34. Suggests a river tragedy.
35. Concerned more with consumption than with exchange.
38. These must end thus.
40. Pointless.
41. Mr. De Valera is looking for one.
42. Drugs, or "capital and labour."
45. See my title.
47. Home of Jimmy Walker.
48. They may fall from a clear sky.

DOWN.

1. Failing of James 2nd's.
2. Magnetic translator.
3. *rev.* I knew her in Paris.
4. They went to sea in the war.
5. and 6. Caliban is decapitated and generally cut up.
7. Source of much beauty of colour.
8. Eastern state.
9. Tailless rodent.
10. Nothing has gone wrong for 3.
11. Four-footed parody, says one poet.
13. Not, presumably, the Pope's affairs.
15. A laughing one caused other emotions than laughter.
20. O so is my amplitude's interior.
21. *rev.* Take care of.
22. *rev.* Included in a motive.
23. Some call them contracts.
26. The reverse of meagre.
27. Talk to one's self.
28. Arrange after 43 *rev.*
29 *rev.* One good bird deserves another.
31. Sweets in 47.
33. Dilapidated part of a bear.
36 *rev.* Comic but "armless" poem.
37. Take the rough with the smooth.
39. Therefore the monster is upset.
43. See 28.
44. Bilingual Dominion.
46. Meddlesome after 37.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.

ACROSS.—1. cant. 5. Plate. 10. Soke. 14. Omaha. 15. Ine(s). 16. moral. 17. Neva. 18. nodes. 19. alto(gether) *rev.* 20. anana. 23. non. 25. India. 28. dole. 31. Papen. 34. Riot (Act—often "read.") 36. oboes. 37. les(son). 38. Reece. 39. stem. 42. ennui. 45. stab(bats). 47. capon. 50. oar. 52. lined *rev.* (*Through the Looking Glass*). 55. lira *rev.* 56. Edgar(grade). 57. Erse *rev.* 58. beret. 59. eel. 60. dairy *rev.* (*Iolanthe*).

DOWN.—1. con. 2. Amen. 3. van *rev.* 4. than(atos). 5. Pan. 6. lion. 7. (st)and 8. teen(s). 9. Ems. 10. soon. 11. ort. 12. Kali. 13. ale *rev.* 20. (parlados. 21. aloe. 22. apse(apes). 24. open (*rev.* of close and Nepo). 25. I.N.R.I. 26. Diet. 27. beta *rev.* 29. ob. 30. (fr)ee. 32. ee. 33. al. 34. se(re) *rev.* 35. co(al) *rev.* 40. 4are. 41. mole. 43. node(18). 44. Ural. 45. seer. 46. aria *rev.* 47. cab. 48. rip (R.I.P.) *rev.* 49. net(her). 51. age. 52. dry. 53. —ism *rev.* 54. (cab)led.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

No. 11.—BEAUTY CONTEST

Dr. Quayte is asked to award two prizes at our local beauty contest. He dislikes hurting any girl's feelings, so decides to give everyone a chance. He arranges the competitors in a circle; then, taking an ordinary die (its faces numbered 1 to 6 respectively) casts it in the centre of the ring. The number N is thrown, and the Nth girl, counting Evelyn as No. 1, and proceeding in a clockwise direction, becomes one of the prize-winners.

The selected prize-winner now joins the Doctor in the centre of the ring and throws a second die. This determines, as before, the destination of the second prize-winner. For the purposes of the second throw No. 1 is the girl to the first prize-winner's left.

As the girls are placed, Violet has the best chance of a prize, and Phyllis the next-best chance. Rachel has the same chance as Evelyn. Of the other girls, Phoebe's chance is the poorest. Only one girl's chance (Kitty's) is just four-times as good as another's.

Draw a diagram showing how many competitors there are and the position in the ring of the girls whose names have been given.

No. 9.—BETTY'S CIPHER

GEORGIE PORGIG (*sic*) PUDDING AND PIE HAS GOT A COLD AND P'RAPS WILL DIE WHILE SHE'S AWAY HER THANKLESS JOB WILL BE PERFORMED BY GINGER-NOB.

There are rather limited data for a frontal attack on the cipher; the clue is that Betty's form-mistress *must* have been called "Georgie Porgie." This seemed to me so obvious that I allowed Betty's error ("Porgig") to stand, thereby introducing a small red herring.

I have to thank (?) about a dozen correspondents for communications in cipher, some of them very amusing.

No. 8.—RAIN

Sets of Low's cartoons are awarded to:

(1) M. Fothergill, c/o Dr. Adam, 6 Hanch Place, Walsall, Staffs.
(2) (?) 17 Brandville Gardens, Barkingside, Ilford.

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NOTE TO COMPETITORS (and others)

Two or three of my correspondents have suggested that we might have a PLAYTIME dinner—an informal affair costing a few shillings per head—which would give us a chance of meeting one another. This would be open, of course, to those interested either in the "Caliban" puzzles or Trinculo's Crosswords. I should be glad to hear from any to whom the idea appeals and, if the response is sufficient, will take active steps in the matter. CALIBAN.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE LEAGUE LOANS—A SUGGESTION—THE COMING GOVERNMENT ISSUE—STOCKBROKERS VERSUS BANKS

FIFTY years ago, when the world was very naughty, 3 per cent. Consols were quoted at around 100, income tax was 6½d. in the £ and the India Government was able to raise a rupee loan at 4 per cent. to pay for the despatch of Indian troops to Egypt. In truth, men were bad but money was good. And in those days there was no League of Nations. To-day income tax is 5s. in the £ and money is not safe abroad even with a League of Nations Commissioner looking on. Here are the present market prices of the loans issued under the auspices of the League, without specific guarantees, as compared with the issue prices and the high and low prices this year:

	Issue Price.	Prices 1932. High.	Low.	Present Price.
Bulgarian, 7 per cent.	92	35	15½	31
Bulgarian, 7½ per cent.	96	38	15	32
Danzig (Free City of), 6½ per cent. ...	91	76	35	75
Danzig (Municipality of), 7 per cent. ...	90	77	40½	81
Estonian, 7 per cent.	94½	72	40	68
Greek, 7 per cent. Refugee	88	81½	29	45½
Greek, 6 per cent. Stabilisation ...	89	66	20½	36½
Hungarian, 7½ per cent.	88	70	29½	56

NOTE.—Austrian 6 per cent. guaranteed loan, issued at 80 under League auspices, is quoted at 99, being guaranteed by the Powers in varying proportions.

Of these loans five are in complete or partial default, namely, Greek (2), Hungarian (1) and Bulgarian (2), while an Austrian default is threatened. I am not attempting to moralise. This has been done by the League Loans Committee whose chairman, Sir Austen Chamberlain, has signed weighty memorials addressed to the Council of the League and the British Government. I am merely recording facts so that the historian fifty years hence, in examining the financial situation of these times, should know what an enlightened weekly journal thought about it.

* * *

The defaults on League loans were examined by the Financial Committee of the League earlier in the year. The debtor countries had been unable, it reported, to obtain in full the foreign exchange required to meet their external obligations. This failure was due "not to defects of internal administration or policy, but to collapse of world prices . . . which had resulted in a 70 per cent. increase since 1928 in the burden of fixed charges." Now, we may ask, will any self-respecting Government continue to pay a foreign bondholder a usurious rate of interest if it means bringing additional suffering to its own people? And is it likely to have any more respect for the foreign bondholder if an elder statesman, top-hatted and monocled, speaks on his behalf? The days when a big noise would frighten a debtor country have passed. If the Great Powers cannot keep the value of their money stable, they should either write down money debts proportionately to the fall in commodity prices or inflate their currencies in order to restore commodity prices to their former level. We know that they are too frightened to do either. Particularly are they afraid, in these Bolshevistic days, to violate the sanctity of money contracts. But surely it is much more dangerous for the League of Nations to do nothing. Its prestige is at stake. And Sir Austen Chamberlain is surely right in claiming that the League Council and the British Government owe special consideration to the holders of League loans. Of the £83 millions issued about £40 millions were placed in Great Britain, the Government recommending some of the League loans to the "support of the competent authorities of the City of London."

* * *

There are radical solutions to this problem which I favour, but as the political world is not ready to drop the gold standard and try out a new system of international trade, I will consider only the orthodox. Thus I suggest that the British Government should propose to the League Council a solution of this problem on the following conventional lines. If it believes that the way has been prepared for an upturn in commodity prices through the normal processes of an increase in the supply of gold (thanks to the disgorging of bankers' and private gold hoards) and a lowering of the long-term interest rate (thanks to the big conversion schemes), it should call upon the League Council to assist these processes by (1) a devaluation of the gold currencies of the debtor countries, and (2) a reduction in the interest rates on League loans. The first is a proper subject for consideration at the coming World Economic Conference. The second can be negotiated forthwith. The holders of League loans would, I believe, consent to a lowering of interest rates to, say, 5 per cent. if they were given a prior charge on the debtor's external receipts. (Certainly they are entitled to rank ahead of other foreign bondholders, seeing that but for the reconstruction loans of the League the services on the old loans would hardly have been resumed or fresh loans issued later.) If 5 per cent. were considered too low, add ½ per cent. for a sinking fund to be applied in drawings at par, and the holders of League loans would be delighted. The market price of League loans would jump. Such a proposal would show that the League Council was anxious to put cheap money to work in the territories of debtor as well as creditor countries. It would facilitate a return of international lending and hasten the downward trend of long-term interest rates without which, as Mr. Keynes says, "there will be no lasting revival of enterprise." I put it forward merely to show that orthodoxy is no excuse for doing nothing.

* * *

In view of the completion at the end of this week of the great Conversion operation, everyone in the City is discussing the terms of the new Government issue, which is to deal with maturing short-term indebtedness. Altogether some £140.3 millions of 4½ per cent. Treasury bonds, £12.8 millions of 4½ per cent. War Loan and the unconverted residue (something under £100 millions) of the 5 per cent. War Loan, mature on December 1st, and on February 1st, 1933, £114.6 millions of 5 per cent. Treasury bonds 1933–35 will probably be called for redemption. The bullish party maintains that the Government, in order to impress the world with its financial strength, will repay the maturities on December 1st (some £250 millions) in cash. This, however, would increase the floating debt to an unwieldy extent, for it is already swollen through purchases of foreign exchange for the Exchange Equalisation Account and through support of the gilt-edged market during the conversion period. Any further increase in the floating debt might be construed abroad as an inflationary move. It is, therefore, reasonable to expect a new Government bond issue at some time this month, and I incline to the view that it will be a medium-term loan, say 15/20 years, bearing 3 per cent. interest and issued at 95 or 96. There is a general impression that when the terms of the issue have been announced and the conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan cleared away, the gilt-edged market will forge ahead. This overlooks the fact that interest rates in Great Britain are appreciably lower than those abroad and that there is still a tendency to sell British stocks and reinvest in American fixed interest securities. Further, as I pointed out last week, the new French 4½ per cent. rentes have "let down" our 3½ per cent. War Loan. Incidentally, the French conversion scheme has been as successful as the British, the conversions amounting to nearly 96 per cent. of the total.

* * *

"The Stock Exchange versus the Banks" has been written up as a sensation in the daily press. The issue is not so simple and dramatic as the man in the street believes. The Stock Exchange Committee originally proposed that the commission returnable to agents should be reduced from 50 per cent. to 33⅓ per cent., except in the case of banks. A mass meeting of brokers unanimously declared that not more than 33⅓ per cent. of the commission should be allowed to banks and not more than 25 per cent. to other registered agents, and that no commission of 20s. or less should be divisible at all. The Stock Exchange Committee took up the matter with the bankers and were plainly told that as the banks were, through their network of branches, collectors of investment business, a considerable proportion of which would not otherwise reach the Stock Exchange, they were not over-remunerated for the trouble and responsibility that they took. The bankers added that if they were allowed an inadequate return of commission they would have to protect themselves, hinting that a certain class of business could be carried through without the Stock Exchange as intermediary. This, of course, referred to gilt-edged stocks, a free market in which could be made by the banks, the insurance companies, building societies and other savings institutions, independently of Stock Exchange dealers. None of this trouble would have arisen if there had been proper Government control of the financial system. The Stock Exchange performs a useful service in making a market in the rights to securities. It is, therefore, entitled to a national charter (which would make "black bourses" illegal), but this charter should not be given except on conditions which would be satisfactory to the Government. These conditions would cover the rates of commission to be charged and the allowances to registered outside agents, such as the banks.

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